

THE GRAIL



OF A COPY

FEBRUARY 1940

SIXTY-SEVEN

The Grail

Volume 21, No. 10

FEBRUARY, 1940

IN THIS ISSUE

- You Are an Actor Abbot Ignatius, O.S.B. 305
Between the Lines with Ralph Arnold and Raffo Bowling .. 306
Mountain Climbing is Fun for a Shallow Diver
Jerome Palmer, O.S.B. 309
Lines to a Crippled Child Katherine M. Owen 310
Saturday Night Appointment Gilbert Hess, O.S.B. 311
The Peace God Jerome Maher 312
Echoes from Our Abbey Halls 315
Pins, Gams, Pillars Quentin Morrow Phillip 316
Give and Take Shaun O'Farrell 319
Overdose is Dangerous Mary Lanigan Healy 321
Diet or Die Placidus Kempf, O.S.B. 322
The Legend of the Gold Chalice ... Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni 323
Let's Browse Around Marie H. Doyle 326
From Peter to Pius Eugene Spiess, O.S.B. 328
Candied Hearts Claude Ehringer, O.S.B. 331
The Quest for Truth Richard Felix, O.S.B. 332
Courage for Mothers (Intention for Knights of the Grail) .. 333
Brother Meinrad Eugster—His Community Spirit
Peter Behrman, O.S.B. 335
A First Snowfall Benedict Brown, O.S.B. 335

The picture on our cover this month is of Edward Mattingly, paralyzed as the result of a shallow dive, drawing a portrait with his mouth. Samples of his work are found on pages 308, 309, 310. The photo was taken by Herbert Lynn, 1213 Tabor Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. All rights to its use are reserved.

THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in United States Patent Office)

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR

Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.
Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Cyril Gaul, O.S.B.

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

Subscription price \$1.00 a year; Canada \$1.25; Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to THE GRAIL, Benedictine Fathers, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

You Are an Actor

ONE OF the characters in the play was anything but attractive. More correctly, there were two that were unattractive. A spectator almost instinctively got the feeling: "Gee! I shouldn't want to be like that!" The play was remarkably well given. I am referring to the play that our own Seminarians acted on our local stage early this winter. The fine portrayal of characters, both likeable and unlikeable, presented a pleasing study. Personally I did study pretty much over this play and derived a grand lesson from it. Here is the lesson:

In a stage play an average person can portray any one of a fairly wide range of characters. He can play a part of a saint or a sinner, a young person or an old person, a sailor or a soldier. All that he needs to do is to study well his lines, rehearse his part, and earnestly enter into the type of character that he is expected to portray. From the moment that he enters onto the stage till he steps completely off the stage he must be under a steady constraint. He must constrain himself consciously, constantly, and consistently to speak and to act the character that he is expected to portray, be that character good or wicked.

Now comes the great idea! If a person can do that for the stage, why can he not do it for real life? He can. He can! If only he will. If ever you have admired a person very much it was chiefly because of fine character qualities in that person. Did it ever occur to you that there is no one other than yourself that can stand in the way of your imitating the finest qualities in those around you? If you like one person because he is so kind, realize that you can portray that person, not only in a play on the stage but also in your everyday life, that is, in your part of the great world drama. Another person stands high in your esteem because he is so genuinely humble and unassuming. On the stage you could demonstrate how that person lives out these fine qualities. You can also demonstrate the same in your everyday life. In fact, you too can be humble and unassuming habitually. For some time you will have to study your lines, rehearse your part, and enter thoroughly into this type of character. Mention all the fine qualities that you like best in the very best persons of your acquaint-

Abbot Ignatius, O.S.B.

ance. Do not forget that it is not at all impossible for you to acquire these same qualities. In many cases you can acquire them easily. The main thing is to want to acquire them and to make a determined effort to do so.

Let us assume that you are living at home with your family circle. A movie concern wants to make a picture of an average home and life therein. Would your home present a very excellent setting? If the camera men called to take the pictures, would you want to make a great many changes in the arrangement of your household effects and the manner of your home conduct before the pictures were taken? In other words, is your life at home below what you yourself know it should be and wish it to be? Why not prepare and act up every day in a manner fit to be photographed? Why not have the ambition to be a good actor all the time? There is a right and a wrong way of meeting the members of your family circle, your friends, your business associates, your masters, your servants. Let's take the matter seriously and make a worthwhile drama of our everyday life. We need only to meet our responsibilities and live up to our daily round of duties faithfully.

Yes, my dear Friend, you are an actor. You are taking a real part in the grand play of human life. Are you playing a despicable part or an admirable part? If you are a husband, are many women rejoicing at the fact that you are not their husband? If you are a son or a daughter, are many parents watching you with the hope that their little ones will never turn out to be such as you are? You can act wonderfully and nobly and serve as an inspiration to all around you, if you will—if you will—if you will. We all must admit that it certainly would pay us rich dividends of abiding value to strive to act well always. The result would be a fine personality. Granting that we gave to our religious duties the first place, the resulting personality would be nothing less than sanctity. Let this "actor idea" get well into your mind and help you to make something worthwhile out of yourself. You must live till you die. As long as you live you must play some role. Why not choose a role that will bring joy and satisfaction to yourself and all connected with you? You are an actor. Be a good one.

BETWEEN THE LINES

with

Ralph Arnold and Raffo Bowling

War Aims and Peace

WAR always brings much speculation about peace. And while the propagandists for both sides are maintaining their loudspeakers at full blast denouncing the enemy and assuring their nationals of a quick and complete victory, the more practical diplomats will consider what terms of peace the changing positions of the warring countries might make possible.

Both sides have described as their war aims "to liberate Europe from the oppression and constant threats which today as in the past originate in *England*"; (for Allied aims supply *Germany*). Nevertheless frequent rumors of imminent peace proposals by secret representatives are heard. Even authoritative sources have expressed opinions on peace terms—resembling grossly deflated war aims.

Allied Views

AT THE beginning of the war there was the necessary stiffening of opposition to Germany in Allied government circles in order to arouse popular support for the cause, but since then there have been many unofficial comments which show a trend to more rational consideration of what can be done about the war besides making enemy fighting equipment obsolete. More frequently now we hear men say, "When peace comes,—". In England, even Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax have mentioned that the new peace would be unlike the last one in that it would lack the vindictive malice of Versailles. Yet neither one has made any mention of just what stand England would take in the event of a military victory or in a peace conference on even terms with the enemy.

A United States of Europe?

ONE OF the most interesting proposals is gathered from a recent speech of the French Premier Dal-

dier. In lauding the complete cooperation of the French and English military and economic forces to bring the war to a swift conclusion he said, "This Franco-British union is open to all." Then continued, "I conceive that the new Europe should be given a wider organization than that which has existed. Commercial exchange must be multiplied and perhaps federative bonds envisaged between the different European states." This plan for a United States of Europe has been given much publicity as the best plan to subdue the inherent animosities of the warring countries and provide at the same time a profitable and peaceful reciprocal trade among the states of Europe. This, of course, would mean that the European countries would have to give up their sovereignty and be ruled by a proportionally selected governing body even if they retain their present form of government. All the lesser nations would be restored to a certain autonomy as states in the federation and national ambitions would be diverted into esteem for the common good.

No doubt, the main obstacle to such a proposal would be England. Having enjoyed the imperial sway of the past two centuries she will not easily submit to the utter degradation of becoming one of many. Hardly would she conceive of such a peace as being the just reward for a hard fought war. On the other hand her enemies would never consider such a plan of a United Europe if they were to win, except perhaps after the fashion of the Holy Roman Empire, where one country lorded it over all. Even as a compromise plan at the conference of equals it would be frowned upon by the representatives of many more powerful countries, especially those satisfied neutrals who would have little to gain and everything to lose. Thus, whatever merits the idea might have, its ultimate accomplishment appears at present an impossibility.

Unpredictable Hitler

NO ONE can really claim to know the mind of Hitler, who is at present the German state, and therefore one can only surmise what that country would demand should it win the war. Hitler has declared that he is fighting for "The construction of a new Europe." That's what we have suspected all along but such a plan no doubt calls for considerable Hitler domination in Europe and no really problem solving peace.

That Germany might be ready to arbitrate is not unlikely. In the investigation of the Munich Brauhaus incident it was reported that evidence was uncovered which would involve Propaganda Minister Goebbels in peace negotiations with English representatives. Some of the Allies have boldly stated that a swift peace could be concluded with Goebbels if Hitler were removed by the German people. This, however, smells strongly of Allied propaganda to get rid of Hitler.

The most diplomatic and face-saving action for Hitler himself would seem to be a profitable peace now,—not later. The mute testimony of der Fuehrer's greed offered by empty chairs in German homes after a ruinous war, even if highly successful, a very doubtful possibility, would not easily capture popular loyalty and acclaim, but peace now might salvage the face and fame of Germany's First Soldier. His former axis partner has showed the advantage of giving the people bread in place of conquests when the latter comes so dearly. If Hitler could learn this lesson he might yet be a success to his people.

The Neutrals Propose

THE FIRST consideration in the activity of neutrals for peace must go to the Holy Father who has been and will continue to be active to end war and conclude a just peace. His five point program delivered in his Christmas message include these

basic points: independence for all countries; material and emotional disarmament; a world police force for the League and kindred bodies: return to national boundaries; and abandonment of hatred. This appeal, given in greater detail, offered a much more conservative plan than most of the proposals thus far submitted. It would certainly give a basis for peace but whether it would be a lasting peace is doubtful because its assurances against future hostilities are mostly paper defenses.

Mussolini would prefer peace but it must come at an advantage to Italy. At present Italy is in the driver seat in Europe but that position depends on numerous contingencies. However, Mussolini knows that an Italy at war could never hope to gain the advantage which a settlement of the war would offer him now. With this in mind he desires to have peace made before one of the contingencies overtakes him and either forces him into war or out of the whip-wielding seat.

The unexpected move of the President in appointing Myron Taylor as his personal representative to the Vatican has been taken as a desire in co-operating with the Holy Father's peace efforts. While the gesture has been widely lauded by many Catholic and some non-Catholic sources, its significance is doubtful. More than likely it means little more than that the President wishes to be kept informed about the Pope's efforts and is willing to submit his own plans to the Vatican for co-ordination. That appears to be the limits of its connection with the peace program. What domestic and political ramifications one may wish to see in the appointment is unfounded, though opponents of the President will use it against him as much as possible.

What the final answer will be when the search for a common ground for peace comes is impossible to predict. The radical but oft demanded formation of a United States of Europe is to us almost inconceivable but may be developed with modifications as a plausible solution to the difficulty. A resumption of much the same status as

present Europe even with paper guarantees will doubtless be ineffective in the long run. The force of Bolshevism and Nazism, especially united, may prove strong enough to dominate the continent. What seems most apparent is that this war is likely to start a new era in Europe. What that new age will bring must be determined by the kind of peace that is made after the war.

Liars

THERE was a time when we looked forward to the results of the annual contest staged by the Burlington Wisconsin Liars' Club. Times have changed. This year it caused little excitement. Frank Morton of Toledo was declared World Champ, but his tale of the music-loving farmer sounded pretty sand-lottish beside the "pro-stuff" we have been fed by way of war products. Remember Dr. Goebbels's campaign against Czecho-Slovakia, and his more recent one against Poland? There we saw a professional in top form. How could we compete with that? The Liars' Club required that all the stories entered be labeled as lies. That's nice, but amateurish. The more advanced leave to the public the thrill of acquiring this information themselves—just to make it more interesting. Take that story about the "spontaneous" uprising of the German people against the Jews back in '38. That wasn't bad. We had suspicions, but it took us some time to learn that the "spontaneity" was due to short wave radio-orders issued about two hours before the attacks. Now we're getting more on our toes, or maybe Dr. Goebbels is slipping. Anyway when he sprang that one about the Graf Spee's naval "victory" he was caught short and found wanting.

From Berlin came news that the Ajax and Achilles were both forced to seek safety in a neutral port. The German ship was unharmed. No visible traces of the engagement were to be seen, etc., etc. While Goebbels was slicing this delectable piece of "boloney," wireless photographs of the Graf Spee were on their way from Montevideo. Captives aboard

the ship had been interviewed and we had the whole story.

Why couldn't we have been that fast back in 1915 and 1916 when our "friends" the French and English were spinning those yarns about the German atrocities committed in Belgium? Boy, we sure swallowed those and didn't learn any better till after the War was over and it became general knowledge.

Russia's Contribution

HERE we find hypocrisy combined with lies of a more degraded type. With a cloak of respectability, she had presented herself as a peace-loving and harmless democracy. The rulers of the Kremlin we were told are Marxian dreamers, interested only in the practical fulfillment of a social ideal. Many accepted this thinly disguised wolf with a simplicity equal to that of Little Red Riding Hood. Now "grand-ma" is beginning to show her teeth.

She claims that the Finns attacked her and to obtain justice from this outrage she carries her case to the Supreme Court of Swords. Now the stark and frightful reality of the Red imperialism begins to become evident. These heirs and successors of Genghis Khan, of Tamerlane, and of Peter the Great, would remind us that there were other empires far superior to the Roman and German.

Russia's unmasking has had many good points. It saves a lot of guessing and makes a lot of "I-told-you-so" people feel happy. The best result is that it has thrown the agitating communists into confusion. In some countries they are being hounded out of existence, while in others they are gradually disintegrating. Yes, Willie, even in the U. S.!

The misunderstood American Negroes who had found a benefactor in this Communism of Russia, "the friend of small oppressed peoples," have found themselves disillusioned by Russia's war alliance with Nazi Germany, where a brutal persecution of a minority race is a major tenet of national policy. This combined with her attacks on Finland gives the realization that the Marxian professions of sympathy for "small and oppressed peoples" is a farce.

(Continued on page 314)



SELF PORTRAIT OF EDWARD MATTINGLY DRAWN WITH HIS MOUTH

Edward Mattingly, about whom this article treats, lives at 1833 E. Tabor Street, Indianapolis, Indiana. He is one of seven boys, one of whom is a Brother of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana; two others are preparing for the priesthood at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Mountain Climbing is Fun for A Shallow Diver

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.



ED DIDN'T mean to be a shallow diver. He didn't mean, either, to be a mountain climber. Paradoxically as it may sound, it was his first and only shallow dive that made of him a first rate mountain climber.

It was in July, 1936. Ed was sixteen that summer. He had finished

his third year in the Minor Seminary one month before and while home for the summer vacation had gone with two of his classmates for a swim in the pool of a city park. Unaware of the depth of the water Ed dove into the shallow end and was taken out semi-conscious. An X-ray showed two fractured vertebrae in the neck—an injury from which there was,

humanly speaking, little or no chance of recovery.

While all who knew the sterling and lovable qualities of Ed spoke hopefully of recovery, they made sure they did so with their tongues in their cheeks. With a broken neck, with a body completely paralyzed, he lay motionless for months. The apparent hopelessness of the case grad-



ually silenced the confident assurances of the more sanguine; doctors began to count the days that life might still animate that all but dead body.

But Ed did not lose hope. As a student for the priesthood at St. Meinrad he had learned to value prayer and never to doubt its potency. Those who knew him in the Minor Seminary remember with something like understanding now how Ed could often be found kneeling alone in the sacred silence of the students' chapel. I say "with understanding," for when the Master chose to test his prayerful servant, He did not find him wanting.

Ed was not afraid to die. He gladly received the sacraments of the Church; he wore the relics of several saints; he was invested as an oblate of St. Benedict. No, Ed had nothing to fear. His young life had been completely spent in the Master's service.

THE GRAIL for June, 1937, describes his long suspense in these words: "Saints and sinners, cynics and believers, have visited Eddie during the seven months of his passion. They came neither to console nor to be consoled in his superior suffering. They come, go, and come again (the testimony is their own) simply to enjoy the unforgettable—the supernatural peace of his smile. Body broken, ambition thwarted, pas-

sion prolonged, life curtailed, Eddie thrills the throngs with his smile." Ed had begun his career of mountain climbing.

The day eventually came when Ed's finger twitched a bit. Or did it? It wasn't voluntary, for he couldn't do it again. But doctors who had despaired showed renewed interest. The emaciated body began to heal of its bed sores; increased movement of the head became perceptible and after 24 months Ed was lifted into a hospital chair which could gradually, over a period of months, be raised to an almost vertical position and then folded into a chair shape.

On Aug. 21, 1938, he was taken to his home, where his love for read-

Before that fateful outing Ed was a student of nature. While other boys of his age were vaulting or passing the ball, he was observing birds and learning their habits. He knew their calls and could recognize their nests. Fishing, too, was a favorite sport of his, not so much for the fun of making a catch as for the insect life, snake life, and other water life he could observe while waiting for a bite.

It would be wrong to suppose that he has given up any of that interest in life. The last letter from him broke off abruptly so that he could go to the window and "watch the children sledding in the empty commons across the street." "Last winter," he writes, "I saw a couple of good fights."

Then Eddie is a discerning reader, and what kind of diary can be more interesting than one that recounts the reader's criticism of a book?

Perhaps Ed wouldn't want it printed that in school his copy books and scratch pads were miniature art galleries. The celebrities of the day (and his teachers) were good subjects for his art. And an artist *must* produce. How could he continue that avocation with neither hand nor foot to respond to brain?

There is a story about a musician who, to win a contest, had to play a difficult composition at sight. With

LINES TO A CRIPPLED CHILD

Our Lord has many little lambs
Who frolic all the day,
Who dance, and skip, and shout with
glee,
And run and jump at play.

But other precious lambs there are,
Still dearer to His Heart—
The sick, and blind, and lame ones,
who
In play can take no part.

Our Lord loves all the little lambs
Who grace His Father's fold—
"My kingdom is of these," He says,
As once he said of old.

In helpless form, He died for all.
List! ye with crippled limb:
The Lamb of God loves best those
lambs
Who most resemble Him!

Katherine M. Owen

ing and study saved him from the tedium of a paralytic's day. Ed took up his diary where it left off, on July 18, 1936, and now with some little motion in his arm he devised a way of carrying on. You wouldn't call it the "touch system," but by dint of six or eight hours of practice daily, with a mechanical brace attached to his wrist, he typed out his diary, first on scrap paper, and then after correcting it and touching it up, he retyped it for his notebook. One who didn't know Ed would wonder what there could be in so lifeless a life to write about.



hands busily trilling at opposite ends of the piano he suddenly encountered a note to be played in the middle of the keyboard. With a dip of the head he struck the desired note with his nose and won the prize.

Ed may or may not have heard that story, but what he did was somewhat similar. With the crayon in his mouth he began to draw lines—at first unsteady lines—that resembled nothing in particular. But with patience and practice he soon brought the pencil into control, and the illustrations on these pages are testimony to his success. Yes, Ed has become a mountain climber by surmounting the most frightful obstacle, total paralysis. Prayer and

resignation at the foot of a hill, confidence and perseverance on the ascent, and the joy of achievement at the peak, lead him on to other heights, and this writer will not be surprised to read someday that Ed has joined his two younger brothers at the seminary and is continuing on his way to the priesthood—and when Ed starts again, you can be sure he will persevere. He has had the practice with difficulties.

This tribute to a youth who has ignored the spirit of discouragement and mastered the demon of disappointment is not meant only to give him the recognition he has merited, but to inspire similarly handicapped persons to put forth

more effort and to keep up the good cheer that makes the best of a bad situation.

Father O'Brien, in "The Ladder of Handicaps" gives us a thought that fittingly emphasizes this point: "The great masterpieces of literature, oratory, art, and music have not come as a rule from shining Apollo's and robust Hercules's free from the handicaps of ill-health, poverty and affliction. They have come from the handicapped and shut-ins, from dyspeptics like Carlyle, from hunchbacks like Pope, from neurotics like Poe, from the blind like Homer and Milton, from initial stutters like Demosthenes, from the deaf like Beethoven."



Saturday Night Appointment For Junior Knights

FOR SOME months Bill had been slipping in his prayers, in his fervent attendance at Mass, in his loyal obedience to mother and dad.

Saturday night the gang dragged him to a party. It was a wild one. Before it was over, stark tragedy had dawned in Bill's life—he ceased to be a virgin.

The following Saturday night found Bill behind a pillar, in the darkest spot in church. A monster had haunted him for seven days and seven nights.

"What will Father Smith say? Will he be shocked? Has he ever heard the like before?—Perhaps it wasn't a mortal sin after all?"

"Say, Bill! What's the big idea? When Fr. Smith went into the confessional to-night he was wearing a purple stole, a part of the equipment he uses when he drives out devils. Go in and tell Father you have made a mess out of things. He will absolve you and give the old boy a merry ride—back to hell.

"Recently a diocesan paper remarked that St. Bernard one time met a man being led to the gallows. Bernard addressed the would-be executioners thus: 'Let me hang the man.' The saint took the man and hanged him. He hanged him on the Tree of Life by encouraging him to make a good Confession.

"Don't tell Fr. Smith how good you have been. He might kick you out. You know that he almost made the Four Horsemen. The priest hears confession of sins not a recital of virtues.

"Going to confession is not a trip through Sing Sing. It is a visit to the Statue of Liberty.

"Our Lord gave the power of the keys to the apostles on Easter Sunday. A good Confession means the grace of a glorious resurrection from sin.

"And, by the way, yesterday Fr. Smith showed me a five-dollar gold piece he was going to give the boy that told him something new in confession.

"When Fr. Smith said 'I absolve thee,' I saw you and Our Lord shake hands again."

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

The Peace God

Jerome Maher

Illustrated by William Aust

SPEECH was not difficult between them, for the padre had learned much Aztec from Marina, the Indian guide. It had been a great boon for the expedition that day on the island of San Juan, when they first had met her. For it was then the friendly chiefs had assigned her, the only capable interpreter, to accompany the little band of Spaniards across Mexico. They were about to enter a land where white man had never been before, a land unknown and hostile.

Thus, during the trek across the land from the coast to Montezuma's palace, the friar had had an opportunity to learn Aztec, and he had studied it tirelessly. For he was fired with one anxious purpose... to preach to the Indians and to win them to Christianity, perchance. They did not know his language. Well, then he must learn theirs.

So, with intense concentration and practice, he had achieved his aim. He could now speak Aztec, though his accent, doubtless, was faulty, judged by Mexican standards. But his accent now mattered no longer. His work would have to be done by other tongues than his. He was a captive and waited on imminent death.

The Indian, into whose cell he had been roughly thrust, had quaked with horror and shrunk away, when first he saw the robed figure and the strange pallor of his countenance. Never had he seen such a face before, so fearfully unlike the copper skin of human beings. He crouched in terror in a corner of the small room, certain that some powerful spirit hovered near him. But a most gentle voice reassured him in his own tongue, and he took courage from the welcome sound, and faced the voice, and prompted by curiosity, asked,

"What fate brings you to my place of woe, white-faced one?"

"I thought our sad story was known to all of Anahuac by now," replied the padre, with a sigh.

"Ears are of little use to a captive," explained the Indian sadly. "Many suns have risen since first I was brought here, but I have not seen them. The taunts of my captors are all I have heard. So tell me of yourself, for I would know."

The priest's eyes were dim as he answered.

"My heart is heavy," he said, "when I think of the fate of my valiant countrymen. But most of all I think of those who await death, because they fought to save me and others from the lot they could have avoided. 'Saint James for Spain!' they cried, and rushed from safety to..."

AH, BUT you do not understand all this," he recalled suddenly, noticing the other's puzzlement. "I came, you see, with other men from a great land across the sea, where the sun rises... a dear land. Our band was small, but our leader wise, and our knights fearless. Yet they offered the hand of peace to all who would take it. And it was to be my joyous task to bring the word of the great God, to bring light to darkness.

"Your emperor was kind to our expedition. He received us graciously here in the capital of his vast empire. He gave us houses in which to dwell and fine food to eat. He loaded our warriors with presents, and heard eagerly stories of the beautiful country from which we came. He learned our names and called us friends.

"But this could not last, for the priests of the war god were jealous, and feared we were weakening their power. They hated the rites of religion which we celebrated in their

very capital. And they plotted to bring about our destruction.

"Even before our very eyes, they would upbraid the people and inflame them to rise and kill us. We dared not stop their tongues, though our danger was great. Daily the people grew colder and more hostile. Daily our friends dwindled, our enemies increased, as the poison of the priests filled the ears of your countrymen. Finally they stoned and slew their own emperor, because he was our friend. When he fell, our deaths, too, seemed certain.

"We were a scant two thousand men, trapped among a million enemies, eager to slay us. We could no longer stay in the capital, ringed by our foes. Yet escape from here seemed equally dangerous. But we were forced to attempt it. Our leader decided that a bold, desperate chance was better than a certain death.

"Then came a night of sadness and woe, but also a night of great heroism and nobility. How many fell I tremble to think. How many, safely escaped, returned like shining knights to aid their comrades, I do not know. Many were borne off swiftly through the dark canals, captives like myself. They lie, alas, perhaps in this very building, waiting, like me, God knows what fate."

The sympathetic eyes of the Indian prompted the padre to explain further, and he gladly continued his account.

BUT of the city we started, in the dead of night, silently, fearfully. But, as we stole forth with all caution, a horrible shout rang suddenly on the air, and quickly the night was filled with awful cries, and the priests sounded the dread drum from the tower of the war god. Countless

thousands, summoned by its beat, rushed fiercely from all sides upon us. We were ambushed and fearfully outnumbered."

"You and I shall be sacrificed tonight," replied the Indian somberly. "This I am sure, for they have told me tonight is to be the great ceremony. Many a night have I seen from afar their altar fires burn bright as the sun. Many a night have I seen the cruel priests of the war god stand high on their pyramid, and slay their helpless victims. Often have I prayed to Quetzalcoatl to be spared from such a death. But now I am here."

The priest was silent a moment at the dread thought. Then he asked gently,

"And why have they brought you here, my son?"

"I come of a conquered race," answered the other. "Few of us remain now in Anahuac. We were peaceful and happy in our sowings and our rich harvests... too peaceful, the Toltecs, for we fell easily before the proud fierce Aztecs from the north. That was long ago, but my grandfather told me, as his told him. Our race was persecuted. Many of us departed from the land. Some died in battle, more in slavery, but how many by the itzli knife of sacrifice cannot be told. Their priests have always looked for victims to satisfy the bloody war god Huitzpochtli. How easy to pick them from the conquered. They have found their victims in war and in peace. When this temple rose, they slew, in four suns, many thousands to bless its new altar. Thousands of thousands since have fallen on the block where we shall die tonight."

"Do you leave a family, my poor one?" asked the padre compassionately.

"That is why I am here," answered the other

sadly. "We were poor... very poor. There was to be a new festival to make the war god smile on the Aztec armies. Many victims were needed. The priests came and scoured the dwellings of the poor for victims to buy. These they buy when there are not war captives enough to

quench the thirst of the fiery god. They pay for them, but it is bad to refuse to sell. I did. I would not sell my child. The head priest smiled, but I knew what would happen. My doom was sealed and here I am."

"Oh God, what horrible infamy!" groaned the priest. "Poor wretched souls!"

"What is this God you speak of?" questioned the Indian.

The monk, eager to gain one convert before his mission was closed, joyfully seized the chance to instruct the other. Vividly he marshalled the teachings of his Faith. Eloquently he told the story of Creation, Redemption, the Second Coming, using all the imagery and zeal he could summon to win this simple native.

"But that is like Quetzalcoatl," cried the delighted Toltec, with great interest, when the tale was completed.

"Who is Quetzalcoatl?" asked the padre cautiously.

"Our God... the great god... who ruled the land with purity and kindness till he was driven away. He departed across the ocean for the far-off land of happy Tlapallan, but he promised one day to return. We Toltecs always knew that he would yet come again. The proud Aztecs believe it too, though their priests like it not. For then it is known that the reign of the war god will be over. Then shall peace reign forever in the land."

OUT OF THIS SORROWFUL
NIGHT THE DAY WOULD
YET COME



The padre was amazed and happy at the way the legend paralleled his own teachings.

"The cruelties of the foul war god have driven the true God from their hearts," he explained. "But He will come again. They cannot keep Him away forever."

"Tell me more of your God," begged the Toltec. "It is good to hear."

With joy, the priest spent the rest of the long afternoon teaching the Indian, and, when nightfall summoned them to the cruel block, they went as fellow Christians.

Yet the padre's heart was heavy with more than his own woe, when they were led to the pyramid's top. His own death was nothing... a brief pain... and then... But as he gazed forth at the throngs watching from down below, he was truly saddened. One convert, and before his sorrowful countenance ranged thousands, beyond his sight a million souls and more, stretching out past the gorgeous peaks that rose from the Mexican plain... millions of souls fettered by a vicious religion, preys to devil worship and the horrid ritual of cannibalism.

Here were no untutored savages. Here was the capital of a cultured nation. Here was the very center of that civilization, a richly-garmented high priest, burning symbolic fires, before he undertook his horrible rites, six assistants, choicely garbed, to aid him in his fiendish ceremonies. Hundreds of cultured nobles, feather-bedight, anointed, and flower-bedecked, gazed up from princely balconies and worshipped the murderers. Then a thousand well-caparisoned warriors waited the signal to bend their knees in abject homage—to a devil.

All the beauty, all the wealth, all the magnificence of the land was warped and perverted by that ugly, hideous stone image that, perching on this pyramid, dominated Mexico. Scattered, alas, was the brave little band that could end it all. And perhaps Cortez, and Father Olmeda, himself, awaited the sacrificial knife that was soon to demand the friar's own blood. A deep sob shook the priest's breast, as he thought of the field so white, and the sickle now falling from nerveless hands. But he heard one of the Aztec priests murmur in his native tongue.

"Ah, if we but had their general here now, how the god would rejoice! But the wretch has escaped with half his men and with their head priest. They camp beyond the city and have driven off all our attacks."

"We shall sacrifice them yet," replied the other priest grimly.

A sense of sudden joy pervaded the padre, and his heart surged with a new-born hope. Out of this sorrowful night, the day would yet come. His spirit could not yet see the great cathedral that would rise quickly on the very site where he now waited death. He could not see the many schools, the numerous asylums that would spring soon from the now-benighted land.

But, with his whole soul, he felt the birth of a nation unto happiness and God. Father Olmedo had escaped, and the great work would go nobly on, and Mexico would know Christianity. And then would the ritual of blood vanish before the bright Sun of a perfect Sacrifice. So, when they led him to the block, he said with a smile to his comrade,

"Saint James for Spain! The God of Peace will yet come."

THE GAME

(Continued from page 307)

The Game

THOSE two words are misleading. "Circus" best conveys the idea, a two ring circus, for that is what our nation's most popular sport attraction has become.

According to an insurance company's statistics there are no more than 3000 persons in the United States who stand six feet seven or over. In most athletic circles such giants are regarded as too awkward, and good only for circuses. Basketball coaches have befriended them and learned to appreciate their ef-

fectiveness. We too appreciate their playing; it is spectacular, but it's ruining basketball.

This used to be a game of science with offensive and defensive plays that thrilled an audience. Now most teams seem to be following the Arkansas motto: "to hell with defense." What is left is a harum scarum mess.

Doughnut dunking is hard on the nerves; but when we find a basketball being dunked through a 10-foot high loop and that at a rate, as has happened, of about 4 per minute we realize that something must be done.

We are not against the big boys playing; we like it, but we like basketball too. Suggestions have been made that baskets be raised, or the back board removed, or both.

Oregon has a frequently employed set play in which the giant center camps under the basket. The guards feed him the ball over the heads of the opponents, and he jumps up and lays it in. For variety they shoot and he takes any misses from the back board and dunks them. Interesting? It is to be feared that the novelty will wear off and seriously damage that 80,000,000 world gate.

Echoes from *OUR ABBEY HALLS*

THE HOLIDAYS this year brought us in closer contact with the work accomplished at our Indian Missions. Father Philip and a group of boys from the Stephan Mission in South Dakota journeyed to southern Indiana. It was the first time that many of us had an opportunity of meeting boys trained in the Missions taken care of by our Benedictine Fathers. All mission schools must compete with the government schools in the district. Government support makes it possible for these non-religious schools to offer better equipment and wider fields of activity to their students. Unless the Missionary can give similar advantages the Indian children often enter the government institutions. The appeal of American sports to the Indian boy is the missionary's drawing card. An all star team from the mission school is an attraction. For this reason athletics find a prominent place in school activities. Indian boys show a surprising ability in our American games. The season's present attraction—basketball—is a favorite. In the up-to-date gymnasium at the Stephan Mission the boys are trained in the art of the pass and shot.

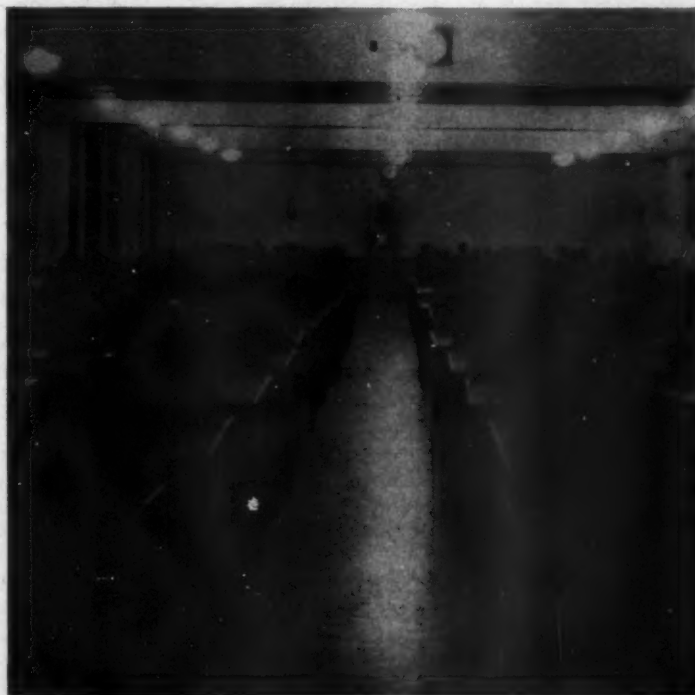
A schedule of exhibition games was arranged with parochial teams of southern Indiana towns. On December twenty-sixth Father Philip, O.S.B., Assistant Missionary at Stephan, and Mr. Richard Hulsman, a Mission employee, left for the Indiana trip. They were accompanied by seven red stars, Philip Banks, Douglas Yellowback, Louis Jewette, Willard Roubedeaux, Francis Felicia, Raymond Yellow and Felix Quilt. The trip proved to be a victorious scalping party for the red-skins. In Evansville the boys played and defeated teams from St. Benedict's and St. Anthony's parishes. At New Albany, Jasper and St. Meinrad the mission lads were equally successful.

OUR students returned from their Christmas vacation on January 5th. The trip was rather hazardous this year, for King Winter held

southern Indiana in a gripping cold wave. Students listening to our Christmas broadcast might have thought the announcer poetical when he described the Abbey as set "among the snow-capped hills of southern Indiana." On returning to the Abbey they saw how correct that statement was. A heavy snow, ice-covered roads and a zero temperature made the perfect winter setting. The students were prompt in accepting the winter invitation that the campus offered. Coasting fans found thrills and spills on the large College hill. A thick, smooth ice made Lake Placid ideal for skating. Skinned hands, sore ankles, bruised shins supplanted the languishing pains of homesickness.

January 13th is always a special Blessed Mother's day for the Seminary. The annual pilgrimage of the student body on that day to Monte Cassino is a lovely tradition left by the students of former days to their

successors. Despite the inclement weather, each year Mary's devout clients climb the hill to her chapel for the Mass of thanksgiving. In the winter of 1871 an epidemic of smallpox ravaged the village of St. Meinrad. Several cases of the sickness developed in the College. Great concern was felt for the students because of the crowded conditions. A contagious disease could scarcely be effectively checked and controlled. The Fathers and students sought the special aid of Our Lady of Monte Cassino. They began a novena in her honor and made a pilgrimage to her shrine at Monte Cassino. A solemn promise was made never to forget her answer to their fervent petitions. Our heavenly Mother generously granted her sons' request. From the closing day of the novena (January 13) the epidemic was checked. Faithfully each year the students keep the promise of the annual pilgrimage.



Students of the Minor Seminary Listening to the Catholic Hour.

MARY was an average American girl. She was good looking, owned a rather neat figure, had an ambition easy to understand. She wanted to be an actress, to go to Hollywood. And one day Mary realized her ambition. Someone with a little influence saw her act in a college play, admired her performance, arranged for her to go to Hollywood and obtain a screen test. She passed it with flying colors, soon was signed to act important roles. And, when she was signed, a large and very experienced

publicity department promptly got busy putting her face and figure across to a picture consuming public. It was very important she should become well known even before she actually went to work. All sorts of stories were invented about her, white lies of various kinds designed to create interest. Her pictures were sent to many newspapers and magazines. She posed in almost every conceivable way, but mostly in bathing suits, in abbreviated costumes, or, if she wore ordinary clothes, in such a manner that her legs showed to above her knees. The last named type of pictures are called "cheese-cake" by photographers, while the others go by the more familiar title "leg art." The idea seems to be that the American public cannot become interested in an actress until she exposes all she can without taking them into the intimacy of her boudoir.

So, Mary, who knew that to succeed she would have to abide by the demands of a publicity department, did all the silly things they asked her to do, posed for scores of pictures, allowed many untrue stories to be told about her, mostly concerning suitors, the Hollywood kind, and romances that reeked with sentiment.

But, Mary had a father who, as fathers went, was a bit indulgent to his offspring. He was a well to do man, not always blessed with too much time to devote to his family. There were other children, and he treated them all fair and tried to show by

PINS, GAMS, PILLARS

*Quentin Morrow Phillip**

Illustrated by John W. Stein

example the right way of living. However, they sometimes got out of hand, as did Mary with her acting ambitions. Then he would bear patiently with them until he effectively could show them their error. Therefore, it was not surprising Mary should receive a letter from him while she was in Hollywood and about to start on her first real assignment. Indeed, she read it through, for her father was still her favorite hero and she knew him to be sensible in his opinions.

"My dear child," he wrote, "this morning while attending Mass the thought came to my mind that of the two sexes men particularly have the harder time keeping goodness and virtue foremost in their hearts. I don't know why the thought came to me, but it did, and somehow or other I found myself reviewing my life and the many things I did which still make me blush with shame. When I returned home and picked up the Sunday newspaper to read while your mother got ready to serve us our dinner, the thought persisted afresh—and I hope I can make you understand why.

"I saw your picture in the rotogravure section of my favorite newspaper. I cannot say it made me proud. Truth is, it made me feel disgusted, and quite afraid that your mother and I failed in raising you properly to womanhood. We had such fond hopes for you, we were so certain you would show prudence and intelligence in your behavior, that perhaps we took too much for granted. Certainly, you are a disappointment.

"Now, my child, I have no objection to your being an actress. It's a legitimate trade and it can bring you fame and honor if you have the talent. If you have not the talent, then the ambition is a waste of time and you would do better to work in an office or in whatever other place you could serve well.

"But, being an actress, my child, does not mean a woman has to surrender her principles or show herself suspect of easy virtue. That is what you

* Copyright, The Grail, February, 1940.

seem to be doing. Your picture in today's paper did you no flattery. Further, I can't understand how it is supposed to show your dramatic ability, unless it be that the less a woman wears the greater are her talents. If that be so, you should rank equally with Sarah Bernhardt or with Elenora Duse—but you don't. I don't think you ever will. Their dramatic art was born of talent, life and understanding. Yours is having its inception in silken panties and a jacket that conceals nothing.

"I have lived some and I have seen much, and I do not mean to be given over to scolding you or showing disapproval with a fit of temper. Besides, you are of age, know what is right and what wrong. Too, life itself, more than any words or acts of mine, will punish you for your follies. It always does. No one ever escapes from even his smallest mistakes.

"Nevertheless, while I do not mean to scold, I do mean to say a few things in the plainest language I know. I want you to understand a few things as a man is obliged to understand them. For, believe this, it is women and women alone who fashion men's morals, and it will be so until a better world is created.

"I think I can say I came thus far through life in the same hard way most men come through. I have tried to live decently, but temptations were often many and sometimes I slipped in a manner that by no means makes fond recollecting. That I have been able to avoid falling into a regrettable vice is not so much by my will as it is that a kindly God has seen fit to stop me near more than one precipice and lead my steps elsewhere. But all men are not and have not been so fortunate.

"When I was a young man I enjoyed going to burlesque shows, seeing musical comedies. Why? Only because I liked to see girls come out half naked and go through a lot of seductive contortions called dancing. I enjoyed seeing their legs, their pins or their gams, as we young blades called their lower extremities. It did not matter what

the show was about or if the music sounded terrible. We went there for the only purpose for which such shows are produced, to see legs, to see women parade their naked bodies. I tell you this honestly, lest you think I'm just an old fogey who does not know what he is talking about.

"Well, then, understand this: These shows raise the blood of the men who see them, and many, who are unable to keep close reign, begin from there their acquaintance with homes of ill fame and with women of loose morals. It is so. And I am glad I am not one who went the distance of that degeneration.

"But I did not escape likewise. From undressed women on the stage it was but a step to view all women in the sense of their physical selves. Pretty legs became a sort of an outlook on life. Any girl with pretty pins or with shapely gams could make me stop and look after her with thoughts anything but virtuous. In my room at home I began collecting and hanging up pictures of undraped actresses, of clothesless chorus girls, of saucy bathing beauties. I had reached the dangerous border line where a vice of the mind could by the slightest yielding be made a real vice of act. That I did not go down I owe to a large extent to a father who swept angrily into my room one day, tore the obscenity from its walls and proceeded to give me a lecture I shall never forget. And from him I learned to turn to prayer when temptation seemed most inviting.

"What was true in my case is still true in the case of thousands upon thousands of young men. It is the same in every generation, and each man must meet his fire and be burned by it or learn to avoid it. And more are burned than not, and it is to the discredit of many women that they unwisely lend themselves to the flame and often even unknowingly contribute to the wreckage of what might have been a decent man.

"When you pose for pictures showing you in various stages of undress, remember you are more likely than not contribut-

WHAT PRICE GLORY!



ing to some boy's or young man's downfall. Somewhere some youth will hang it up in his den or room or otherwise enjoy it in sight. He will weave fancies about it, spawn desires over it—and I do not doubt that it will lead some to excesses and, eventually, to deep shame.

"No man would want his wife or daughter to hide her charms under a bushel. On the other hand he does not want the world to see every last inch of their person. There is a happy medium. That medium is dictated by common sense, genteel modesty, and that fitness of thought which sees its model in our Blessed Lady. Anything which spells temptation or contributes to the difficulties men have to meet and overcome, adds to the world's ills and detracts from the grace of her who invites poor repute.

"The woman is a failure who cannot make the world realize she is more than physical charm. Her curves and her dimples are for naught when she cannot impress others with her character and with the fact that she has a soul and that the salvation of it denies her to make show of her body.

"You have been a good girl, of that I am sure. But you are now in an environment that is least desirable to a self-respecting young woman, and, I am afraid, from what I see, unless you check its influence immediately, you will live to regret what you are doing. I'm certain you would not knowingly tempt young men to commit sin. But, unknowingly, you are doing that very thing and, as your father, I'm obliged to tell you frankly that the publicity you are receiving is a rank disgust to decent minded men and women. While it may be true that your studio is building you up before a potential public, it is also true they are tearing down your character before Someone more important. And that Someone will remain to judge you long after the public has forgotten you ever existed.

"You are my child. I have seen your legs long before you were aware of their attraction. I have seen them grow from pretty pins to shapely gams, just as I could not avoid seeing your mother's turn into a stately pair of pillars. Some day yours may be pillars like that—and then more than ever you will realize how fleeting is beauty and how important one's character. For, it's not the outside that makes a woman, but what is inside of her. And, if that which is inside of her will stand close scrutiny, then she may feel secure men will respect her and her picture will not stir them to distressing thoughts.

"Determine well your future, my child. Essentially, in my opinion, you will have to decide whether your character and your soul or the public be

damned. The one is eternal and the other changeable from year to year and even from day to day. So, better that the public be damned—and you put yourself some clothes around your fair body and beg Her whose name you bear to help you go through life untarnished.

Affectionately,
Your dad."

Mary wept a little when she finished reading the letter. It had hurt her more than anything else she had ever read, for she loved the man who wrote it, knew he was not a dry and severe moralist or one who would deny her happiness. What he did was take a small piece of his heart and plant it in hers, much as it pained him to reveal what most fathers prefer to leave unsaid. He caused her to see herself and her ambition in a truer light, and she resolved then and there she was done with the ways of cheap publicity. If her studio could not or would not present her to their public in a dignified manner, show respect to her womanhood and Christian principles, then she would take leave and return to the environment where things blessed are still respected and character counts for eternity.

So it was she returned to her home a few days later, disappointed but happy, glad she brought joy to the man whose heart was hers for the asking. Hollywood could not understand her talk on modesty, dignity and the principles of Christian behavior. It had its own jargon about leg art, public demand and some weird things called "it," "oomph," sex appeal and box office. Therefore, her language was foreign to them, her career at an end. Still, she was happy about it. Why not? Her mother had never been in Hollywood, and lived to be remarkably happy. She had proof at home that she could make a finer career in an essential of living than any Hollywood mogul could offer on a flickering screen.

OUR CHRISTMAS BROADCAST

(See page 336)

The complete St. Meinrad Christmas midnight broadcast of thirty minutes duration has been put on four records, three of which are double. Price complete postpaid to any part of the United States is \$9.00.

Send your order direct to:

Harry Smith
Recordings

Two West 46th Street

New York City

Open Forum

This Month

Shaun O'Farrell

"To Whom Shall We Go!"

ALL is not well with the world. Man seems to become more and more convinced of this terrible fact as the drama of world events unfolds before his eyes. It is a condition which nearly defies description, but if one were casting about for a word which could adequately portray conditions one could find no better word than chaos. Civilization is truly on the brink of the chasm of destruction. That plunge to those bottomless depths may never occur; still to ignore the perilous condition of our civilization would be to court disaster.

There should be little cause for concern if this chaotic condition were confined to any one portion of the globe, or to any particular sphere of activity. But this is not the case. Even the farthest reaches of the world feel the burden of this disorder. Nor is this unrest confined to the world of brickbats and snowballs; for there is also a complete disorganization of the spiritual realm.

In the world scene the nations are rushing headlong into a conflict which can only end in disaster. War settles nothing. The present Pontiff expressed this sentiment when he said; "To hope for a decisive change exclusive from the shock of war and its final issue is idle." War can only bring added disorder and a further disjunction in the economic structure. Should the present conflict continue to its ultimate conclusion there can be but one result; bankruptcy of western civilization, and, for that matter, all civilization.

This disorder cannot be confined to the material sphere, for there is developing, along with this material disharmony, a complete spiritual vacuity. At present the ascendancy of the totalitarian states, with their concomitant negative attitude towards God, has placed the balance of power on the side of spiritual decay. If this be the case now, what

GIVE *and* TAKE



has the future in store for man? What is to happen to a civilization exhausted and prostrate by the ravages of a major conflict if a counterforce, capable of coping with the situation, is not present? The answer is too obvious!

True, this is a perilous situation; still man must not admit defeat nor take a too pessimistic view of the world condition. This is not the first crisis of civilization, nor will it be the last. But it will be the last for our generation if we do not face immediately, and on all fronts, the peril which confronts us. The obvious need for such a task is leaders, leaders with foresight to comprehend the task which lies ahead, and with courage to take the strenuous action demanded by the needs of the time.

The question immediately arises, where are there such leaders? Let us not, at this time, forget the part which Divine Providence has played in the history of mankind. As in the days of old God raised up leaders from among His people, so, too, will it be today. When Christ came down among men to save mankind from man He established an order of leaders which from that day forward has been the "Light of the World." By the order of Melchisedech He established His priesthood to continue the work of the Father, and to lead the people through the maze of world affairs into the promised land.

It is, then, to the priesthood, established by Christ, that we are to look for our leaders. It is to them we must turn, for they are truly "The Light of the World," the veritable "Salt of the Earth." If this be true, the priests of today, as the prophets of old, must be the leaders of the people. It is theirs to point the way. And this can be accomplished only by clearing up the issues which have for so long obscured the mode of action. To obtain this end the priest must search deep into the problems confronting society and dismiss all superficial examination which leads only to confusion and disorder. Frankly, the priest must dispossess himself of the notion that a cursory knowledge of the principles will suffice in this instance. A deep knowledge is demanded, and one cannot hope for results without such a grasp of the situation.

We know that it is elementary that one who is to lead must first obtain a complete grasp of the problem at hand. For only with this firm foundation resting on a clear understanding, and a comprehensive view of the situation, will one be able to act intelligently. And it is important to remember that some action must be taken; for a purely academic endeavor will accomplish very little, nor will mere action answer the problem. There must be a happy bond between theory and practice, a sweet harmony which, if followed to

the ultimate conclusion, can only end in the solution of the problem.

It is obvious that the prime requisite is a frame of reference, a norm by which the problems of modern society may be measured. It has been said that we are faced today with problems which have no exact precedent in the past. At least, we are meeting situations which, although arising from the same source, have such radically different settings that they appear to be entirely new. And this, whether we realize it or not, has been a serious contributing factor in our failure to answer the problems of our age. We have failed to see the obvious in the guise of the new.

Therefore, we are to boil down the problems of the twentieth century into the residue of error which lies behind all modern distress. This, in turn, presupposes the existence of a complete body of fundamental principles which, with some effort, may be applied to the present sad situation with great success.

In this regard it is well to forearm ourselves against the great modern heresy of disassociating our thought and our work from that which has gone before. It is presumption of the worst type to believe that a great philosophical heritage may be disregarded with immunity. Prospection is understandable only in terms of retrospection. Therefore, those who are to be the leaders must turn back to that juncture where the relation to the font of our philosophical heritage was severed. Once this rupture is found, and repaired, the progress of civilization may proceed with a new and lively energy.

But what is this frame of reference? Where is this font from which springs the waters of truth? It is none other than the beautiful heritage of the Schoolmen, which finds its personification in the integral structure of Thomism. Here in the clear-cut language of the Angelic Doctor is the basis for a complete, comprehensive mode of action.

It is folly to believe that one may proceed to eradicate the ills of society unless he has a clear idea of society and its constitutive elements. Unless man has a knowledge of God

and man, and the relation between them, and between man and man, he cannot hope to make any permanent impression upon society.

But there is more than a knowledge of the fundamentals needed; there is also the keen sense of propriety which must dictate which course to follow in a given instance. Extremes are to be avoided. Over zealous activity in one direction can only work to the detriment of the corporative apostolate and bring a lopsided view of the world problem. We must not mistake the incidentals for the essentials. To go overboard on some isolated phase of the work is to frustrate a whole ministry. We cannot take a part and say it is the whole. The apostolate must be integral or not at all. It is here that a keen knowledge of the fundamentals will guide one away from such a danger, and show, in clear perspective, the true objective which is to be sought.

In the same vein the priest must be radical, but radical in the true sense of the word;—in the sense of going to the root of a problem, searching out the deepest recesses of a situation in order the better to understand and correct the evil. There is no room for shallow and foggy thinking. We must go to the marrow of the question. Then armed with this understanding, and keeping before the mind's eye the principles which are to guide such investigation, the priest should apply the remedy with the discretion of an experienced physician, striving always to answer the question at hand and only the question at hand, not espousing causes which, although sympathetic, are not to the point.

If the priest adheres to the original purpose and the principles of the case there is little need of unreserved espousal of any given group, regardless of their motives. By this we mean that it is sufficient for the priest to state the attitude of the Church on a matter without further complicating the issue by sponsoring certain pressure groups, groups which are often foreign to the primary purpose of the Church. It is well to remember that the Church does have a position in most matters, and needs no other vehicle

to express its view than its divinely constituted mouthpiece, the Bishop.

But it must be stated here that there are many organizations which are doing great work, and particularly in those fields in which the Church is not specifically articulate. In such cases it would be ideal to support all that is commendable in their action, but still preserving our own identity, and never permitting the purpose of the Church to become obscured by some ephemeral cause or ideal.

In the controversial issues of the day the priest should make a complete inquiry into the conditions of the case, weigh the merits and demerits of the points of issue, then act by presenting the Church's teaching in a clear and understandable manner. This can be accomplished without placing oneself in the awkward position of supporting a cause which one cannot in truth wholly support. Nothing is to be gained by partisanship except that it might bring unnecessary reproach upon an otherwise laudable position.

It is the unfathomable maze of cross purposes which make partisanship undesirable. Who is there that can say just what a given group holds concerning a certain problem? And, for that matter, how long they will hold any particular opinion? The present world events move too swiftly for one to hope to keep abreast with the program of the individual pressure groups.

What, then, should be the position of the priest? Should he espouse this or that group in labor, in politics, in economics, or any of the other phases of modern society? It is desirable that he does not; he should rather be guided by the fundamental principles of the issue, judge in each instance by the principles of the case, and not by loyalty to a given group.

We have the frame of reference into which all action may be fitted; why place it in discard for a questionable and ephemeral position? Let our thought and action be Catholic, Catholic in the sense that we adhere to the fundamentals rather than the fleeting fancies. For only then will we establish the firm basis upon which may be built a better social order.

Overdose is Dangerous

by Mary Lanigan Healy

"**M**AMA, where did you get the twins?" asked four year old Mary Ann.

Was that childish question the sounding of my cue to tell my daughter about those things we gaspingly call the "facts of life"? Of course it wasn't.

My answer should be in proportion to the question itself. Mary Ann was by no means concerned with the biology of being—the why of humanity—the nuances of personal relationships.

She was completely satisfied when I said, "God gave me the twins, honey."

It was an answer in keeping with all the others I had supplied during the past few years—information that had to do with why it got dark at night, why summer is hot and the location of the palace of Santa Claus.

Please do not gather that as a mother I'm adverse to sex education. On the contrary. Sex education is as essential as any other particular phase of education. But as I grant it is as essential I also maintain it is only as important as the other tangents of learning that go toward developing the sound mind in the sound little body.

I have in mind a certain bottle of medicine on my bathroom shelf. Time and again a carefully measured quantity of its contents has given relief from pain. But each time I reached for this merciful bottle I'd again read the directions and my eye was ever arrested by a red print caution, "Overdose is dangerous."

There is a time and place for sex education. Overdose is decidedly dangerous. While normal curiosity has a right and a need for explanation on the things about it, there is no necessity to tanta-

lize such curiosity by further aggravation. A youngster that still believes there is a Santa Claus is very likely to be satisfied with the source of life by the truthful, beautiful explanation that it comes from God. Young minds that live from waking until sleeping in a glorious world of "let's pretend," do not want bare bewildering facts crowded into their scope of comprehension.

I advocate no falsification of fact, no silly, sentimental fabrications of beginnings. I only plead for a general statement of truth, in keeping with the fewness of the years of the small wondering ones.

There are certain schools of thought that are positively rabid upon the need to "tell children everything." There is scant consistency in this way of doing, because actually "everything" needs must be modified to read "everything about sex."

The "tell alls" would not be likely to launch into the theory of the electron should a child ask why pressing a button floods a room with light. Nor would they attempt to explain the law of gravity as such if a youngster wants to know why its ball always comes down.

On the other hand, certain mothers who are all excited and atwitter over their duty to tell their children about sexual subjects, stupidly neglect every day opportunities to give information on other less tingling but more practical subjects.

"Why do I have to wash my hands for lunch?" asks somebody's Junior.

"Because I told you to," snaps back his busy mother.

And there slides just the psychological moment to send a young little boy happily and proudly to

wash for a few comprehensible hygienic reasons.

But let that self-same Junior chance upon a query that has to do with sex. Busy or no busy, his mother is very likely to give heed. "Ah ha!" chortles she, "It's time." It's time to phrase some of the facts she has read and heard and schemed about.

Whatever task is on can wait. Bang! She is off! Off in a cloud of dust that is not only a trifle on the dirty side but a bit blinding as well.

The most modern trend of thought has even come to skip the chapters about the birds and bees and flowers. It advocates telling the child about "himself" and about how he came to be.

Poor little baby mind! Poor little imagination of childhood. How unkind to offer it such plaguing, such tarnishing material. Mother and Daddy lose their lustre to the child who has been forced to consider them in a role that is completely, utterly and wholly beyond his ability to understand. The Juniors of this world may not come to comprehend the facts foisted upon them and they will emerge with ideas and notions aplenty along a variety of tangents.

First of all it's significant to Junior that only particular magic questions will merit undivided maternal attention.

Let him ask why his gun makes a noise and mother mutters, "Just because." Let him demand

why they can't live in a white house like Tommy and he's abstractedly chided, "That's foolish." But let him aimlessly query, "Why did Tommy's Mama go to the hospital for the new baby and Keno! the jack-pot is his. He'll quickly learn that there is something mysterious and important in anything to do with Tommy's baby brother.

As long as Mary Ann is four it is enough to say, "God gave me the twins."

When Mary Ann is twenty-four I hope she will still accept that beautiful simple statement that God gives mothers babies. In accepting it may she respect the dignity of womanhood, may she be grateful for the privilege of being a woman, a potential mother. And whatever her choice of life, be it wife or celibacy within the world or convent, may she ever go back to the fundamental underlying principle of the act of creation. When she reads or studies or listens to discussions of physiology may the white light of truth be her constant guide.

When any one of my five children ask a simple little question I'll give as casual an answer. For a mere case of youthful curiosity, I'll by no means take the whole bottle down from the shelf of maturity and pour bitter blinding stuff down tender youthful throats.

"God did give me the twins, Mary ANN."

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

DIET OR DIE



"Behold a man that is a glutton."
—St. Matth. 11:19.

man's heart is through his stomach." Hence Satan selected Eve, who had been made from near that region of Adam's anatomy, to sample and serve the tasty (because forbidden) titbit to her acquiescing husband. It was "diet or die." He "did eat" and "he died."—Gen. 3:6; 5:5.

Since that first, highly successful experiment, Satan has cunningly played his role as fastidious epicure and gorging gormandizer and gastronome. Once he has induced man to make "his god his belly," the unsated maw of hell will in the end devour his soul. Well does the Holy Ghost caution us: "In many meats there will be sickness, and greediness will turn to cholera. By surfeiting many have perished."—Ecclus. 37:33. Drive out this devil? How? "This kind (of devils) is not cast out but by prayer and fasting."—St. Matth. 17:20. Fasting means temperance, and "he that is temperate shall prolong life."—Ecclus. 37:34.



The Legend of the Gold Chalice

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Illustrated by Paul A. Grout

NO ONE had questioned the fact that Bertino, known along the Bay of Naples as, "that good for nothing," should one day have bought the Tavern of the Buona Fortuna, for Bertino had widely circulated the news of his good fortune.

Yes, an uncle of his, who had migrated to America, had died, leaving him all his money. How much that money amounted to, no one knew, but it had been enough to purchase the tavern.

Bertino had made the announcement the day he had returned to Naples after a mysterious absence, wearing a new suit, a gold watch chain bridging his vest pockets, and a gray felt hat at a roughish slant over the bold flash of his eyes.

The natives had not even recognized him as he came strutting along the Bay, for they had never seen Bertino except in rags, barefooted, dozing in the sun. He was a "good for nothing" who made a show of his self-chosen poverty by begging from tourists; stuttering pitiful stories, blinking his eyes, feigning a limp and twisting his right arm outward, claiming he was a helpless cripple.

"And he, an able bodied man, too lazy to work!" the natives grumbled disgustedly.

Bertino had no home, he slept anywhere along the bay, and often was found sleeping in churches.

At times he sneaked into one of the boats that daily went to Capri, and when he was not kicked to shore,

he'd sneak off the boat at Capri to beg in the island.

And then, the stroke of good fortune had come, and Bertino had become the owner of the tavern which he had named Buona Fortuna. Good Fortune, yes, for that unexpected inheritance from over seas had been a stroke of good fortune. When his cousin had heard of this, he had shrugged his shoulders. "An American Uncle, hey? Well, that is news to me!" and he closed his mouth.

Bertino feigned not to recognize his cousin when he met him along the Bay, for now Bertino was dashedly dressed and he wore a blue peacock's feather in his hat, for luck. Bertino was superstitious. He believed in signs and omens pertaining to good or ill fortune.

Berto's tavern was located almost at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. One could see it from the highway that ran from Naples to Pompeii. The tavern was well patronized, even though the wine was not always what it was sold to be, but there was plenty of gambling down at Berto's place, and a good time could be had at the Buona Fortuna, if one was not too particular as to the sort of people one met there.

It was five years after Berto had become the owner of the tavern, that he hired Pietro, the hunchback. "Hunchbacks bring good luck," thought Berto.

Pietro worked from five in the morning until midnight—sweeping, mopping, waiting on the tables. He worked doggedly, head bowed, silent; his only remuneration, a corner in the hay loft above the stable, and the leavings from the tables along with a few tumblers of "tarzanello."

Pietro had a pet. He had come to the tavern with it in his pocket. It was a young screech owl which, as it grew, he kept perched on his shoulder. A string tied to the owl's foot, looped about Pietro's neck, and when the hunchback was not too busy, he would fondle the owl and delight in its shrill screeches.

Berto could not stand the sight of Pietro's pet. He often wished he could have wrung the neck of that screech owl, as it perched on Pietro's left shoulder, for he felt positive that screech owls brought ill fortune. But if he killed the owl, he feared he would have lost Pietro, so the owl lived.

Berto strutted about the tavern, gambling at cards, rolling "le bocce," boasting of his adventures, enjoying his good fortune.

And then, one night, as Berto sat under the walnut tree, playing cards, something strange happened.

He had just gulped a glass of wine, when he suddenly gasped and spat on the grass. Berto lit a match and slowly stooped to pick up something from the ground. He held that something between thumb and forefinger and carefully placed it on the table top. His face turned ghastly pale. The men bent forward. On the table top lay a large white pearl,

the sign of tears. "Since when did you get to spitting pearls, Berto?" a man laughed.

"Shut your mouth!" growled Berto, his face blanched. "Don't touch it!" Berto's fingers closed above the pearl and dropped it into one of his vest pockets; then, rising to his feet, he hurriedly walked into the tavern.

After that night, a strange change came over Berto. He slouched under the trees, staring in the distance. What was the matter? No one knew.

One evening, as he was eating supper, Berto suddenly turned on Pietro like a fury. The hunchback had done nothing in particular to arouse his anger. He had barely lifted his head from his task of mopping the tables and the owl had screeched.

Berto took something out of his mouth, glanced at it, leaped to his feet, towering above the hunchback, his fists clenched.

"I'll teach you not to stare at me!" he shouted fiercely, his fist landing on his hunchback's jaw.

Men were barely in time to hold Berto, and hurry him into the tavern, for fear Pietro might suddenly turn on him with that baboon strength of his. But Pietro was crouching on the grass, smiling stupidly to himself, petting his little owl.

"Berto struck the hunchback!" a man murmured. "That will bring him bad luck!"

Every few days after that, paroxysms of anger broke the dull brooding moods of Berto and he began to refuse to eat or drink. Nothing but water passed his lips. And when he took a glass of water, he stared through it steadily for a long time, before he touched his lips to the glass. This was strange behavior, his friends whispered, and some claimed Berto's unrest might be due to Vesuvius.

The ancient volcano was angry. Strange rumblings echoed through the night and an ominous red glare cast a crimson glow down on the tavern, as customers of the Buona Fortuna sat nervously playing cards.

Vesuvius was a bad neighbor when he was angry. He grumbled and spat fire, gargling lava, that ran

smoking down its shoulders. One never knew when that lava might start racing to the feet of the giant. And the tavern of the Buona Fortuna sat right at its toes.

Berto had cause to worry. His business suffered on account of his nearness to Vesuvius; men did not cherish sitting right beneath it when it flared sparks and puffed smoke, barking its danger. Pietro alone did not mind the glare, the rumbling, and the wind blowing ashes, which he had to wipe from the table tops. But the screech owl felt the unrest throbbing in the air. He kept screeching, flapping his wings on Pietro's shoulder.

When Berto heard that screeching, his hands clenched, "Hush that owl, or I'll kill you both!" he'd shout.

And Pietro would say: "Do as you will, master!" and he'd smile, for Pietro knew Berto was superstitious, and if he believed hunchbacks brought luck and screech owls bad luck, he also would know that to kill one, or both, was said to mean death for the killer.

A red moon and a strange glare colored the sky where Mt. Vesuvius raised its peak above the lashing ocean. A night of terror, when the very earth throbbed with the heave and grunt of destruction.

For two days now, a strange rumbling had sent the pricks of fear crawling over the flesh of the natives. Vesuvius was in a treacherous mood, spitting sparks, cinders, and smoke. Those sparks traveled for miles, like messengers of death and destruction. A southwest wind rising from the bubbling ocean, sent them far inland.

At midnight, there were only five customers left at the tavern of the Buona Fortuna. Two were asleep, their heads sunk in their arms over a table top. Three were still playing cards with Berto. They were losing, and did not wish to leave the table. They sat flinching at each new rumble, and shot frightened glances upward at the crimson-purple glow, where the smoke bundled toward the sky, coughing sparks to the heavens.

Berto laughed, his face tense. He wished he could drink a bottle of wine and forget his troubles.

When the sparks began falling through the walnut branches, the three men who sat playing with Berto, rose to their feet and started running, leaving their money on the table. Pietro hurriedly shook the two sleeping men, and they too went staggering away, their hands high, joining the people that went rushing toward the highway.

Berto was sweeping the money from the table. Pietro stood by regarding him, eyes glowing in the crimson glare. The screech owl flapped his wings and screeched. Berto turned and ran into the tavern, his mind on reaching his bed room. He had to run—run like the rest, away from there, but he had to take something with him—something valuable, that something which he had stuffed in his mattress. No one should find it—no one should know!

Berto wished he could have torn the tavern from its foundation, carried it away with him on his powerful shoulders, out of range of the sparks, the fire, and the lava. He snatched a lantern from a table and rushed to his bed room. The lantern held high, he stepped over the threshold. It was then that he saw it, that piece of paper pinned to his pillow. He leaned above it and read the words that sent a chill through his fear-tense body: "To-night, you shall meet your judgment."

The lantern fell from Berto's hands and snuffed. The room glowed red from the sputtering inferno unleashing itself above the tavern of the Buona Fortuna.

Berto knelt by the bed, tearing at the mattress, his nails clawing at the cloth, slithering the lining. His right hand dug in the wool, closing upon something cold, hard, smooth. Suddenly a screech made him wheel about. Berto remained staring, a gold chalice in his hands.

In the glare from the flaming bed-lam outside, he saw Pietro, the hunchback, looking at him. The screech owl was perched on his left shoulder. Berto's body grew fiercely cold. "Away from here!" he screamed, as a terrific rumbling shook the walls of the tavern, sending a picture crashing to the floor. The owl flew upward from the hunchback's shoulder, its wings

grazing Berto's cheeks, he circled about the room, flew out of the window, and disappeared in the red glow.

The hunchback's eyes were riveted on the gold chalice, glowing in Berto's hands.

"Your hour of reckoning is at hand!" crackled the words from Pietro's lips. Berto leaped to his feet, and made to sweep Pietro aside and dash out of the door.

Pietro's crouched body straightened, the mask of stupidity wiped from his face. Pietro's hands snapped to Berto's wrists. Berto crumbled to the floor, looking up into Pietro's face, a face which had suddenly become strange to him. "Who are you?" he cried.

"Must I refresh your memory?" clipped Pietro's voice. "Have you forgotten so soon, you who have been spitting pearls?"

"What do you know about pearls?" gasped Berto, his hand closing about the chalice.

"There were twenty one pearls on the crucifix!" hissed Pietro, bending above the prostrate man. "One man can not fatten on sacrilegious money! With it, one can not buy a tavern and call it, Good Fortune! One can not send an honest man to jail! God is in his heavens! He knows—He sees! He is looking at you now, raining fire from His sky above your head, as you hold His Chalice, stolen from His Holy Altar!"

A terrific rumble reverberated in the night. The rafters creaked, sparks flew through the window. Berto leaped to his feet. Pietro's face was red in the sudden rising glare. "Who are you?" Berto screamed.

"Have you forgotten the sexton of the church of Santa Maria? You had never seen him, but when you stole the jewels of the Madonna and robbed the Altar, wanting to assure yourself of safety, you hid the Crucifix encrusted with twenty one pearls, in the pallet on which an honest man slept, in order that he might be accused of your sacrilege! I am that derelict! I served five years in jail for you! But I had seen you loitering in the church, and

I had seen your greedy eyes stare at the jewels of the Madonna! When I was released from jail, I looked for you; and found Berto, the beggar, had suddenly become the owner of a tavern! I knew you were superstitious—a hunchback and a screech owl would have stirred your imagination. I put beads in your food—they looked like pearls to you, reminding you of the Crucifix. Your accusing conscience almost sent you mad. But, it was not for me to bring justice upon you! Tonight, justice falls from the heavens!"

"Let me pass! Let me out!" screamed Berto, madness in his eyes.

Pietro stepped aside, "Go, Berto, bring back the gold chalice to God, before the fires of hell fall upon your head! Go!"

Berto leaped out of the door. The sky was like a bengal fire. A few belated refugees rushing down the highways saw him staggering past them, going up the hill, a chalice held high in his hands.

"Berto, not that way!" someone shouted. But Berto was running, not away from the flaring volcano, but toward it. Not down the hill, but up to it, shouting his self-accusation: "I stole the jewels of the Madonna! I sold the pearls of Christ!"

"Berto has gone mad!" the natives said, but no one had time to stop him, no one had time to wonder as to that Golden Chalice Berto held high in his hands.

The rumbling from Vesuvius did not frighten Berto. It matched the turmoil in his heart.

Panting, stumbling, Berto climbed. Slowly now, each step an effort. The hot slushing lava burned his feet, rising to his ankles. There was a flash as a serpentine vapor darted tongues of fire toward the blood red moon, sending a convulsive shudder rippling over the mountain's flanks. From the high ledges, hot coals rose with a shout of thunder.

A group of men running down the highway, looked up at Vesuvius, and some claim they saw a man silhouetted against the red glare, climbing upward toward the crimson giant's throat. A man holding something high in his hands. Something that shone like gold.



BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

Margaret Blanton

WHEN the eminent psychiatrist Dr. Smiley Blanton went to Lourdes to investigate and study the cures occurring there, he was accompanied by his wife Margaret. Neither is Catholic but they went with open minds eager only to learn. While Dr. Blanton busied himself studying the case records of Lourdes, Mr. Blanton's interests turned to an intensive study of the frail little peasant maid who leads a million pilgrims a year to the Shrine of "Her Lady." Carefully the author studied the great mass records left by Bernadette's own testimony before the Bishop's Commission, Father Cros's three volume life of Bernadette and the records of the Sisters of Nevers. From this mass of material she has written her book. "Nothing," she assures us, "has been added." But something has been: the fine, delightful style of the writer and her desire to free Bernadette from the unfair estimates that have been given of her, to let Bernadette's own words, own acts and their results prove her rights to Sainthood, to the "universal" place that is hers.

A frail sickly child of fourteen, walked with her friend Jeanne and her sister Toinette through the woods looking for pieces of firewood that their poor home, a deserted dungeon, might have a bit of heat. In front of a forsaken cave the child Bernadette stopped attracted by a

strange noise, or was it the wind? A beautiful lady appeared, smiled and beckoned. There in the bitter cold of the mountain cave she recited the rosary with the frightened little girl. This was in February, 1858, and Bernadette's apparitions continued until July of that same year. All France was aroused over her experience. She became the center of bitter controversy, abuse, accusations and public notice. But never did she veer from her story. Uneducated, sick, poor and utterly unprotected this little girl met the examinations of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, with a calm certainty. The refuge of Convent walls, even constant illness did not protect her from the curious and the devout, for long before her early death she was known and venerated as "the Saint."

The life of *Bernadette of Lourdes* has been written time and time again but never has it been more splendidly, and more fairly or more concisely told than in this latest book by Margaret Blanton.

YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY
Leonard Feeney, S.J.

FATHER FEENEY finds his name somewhat "sing-song." But his pen is not sing-song—it sings—sings in lofty tones vibrant with admiration and appreciation.

He admires the infinite perfection of the tiniest atom. The little particles that may only be seen "massed in the magnificence of a mountain, diffused in the plume of a cloud, banked in the brilliance of a star."

He gives vent to his admiration in an enchanting bit of verse that repeats itself over and over in your thoughts, "the little kingdom of thingdom." From a consideration of the lowliest form of creation this essay rises step by step to the higher forms, to man, to the angels until in a glorious burst of admiration we come to the Mother of Grace, "the Gate of Heaven." "One cannot escape her. One cannot get into Heaven except through the Gate."

Little Barbara is nine, going on ten, but sensible, and so our author has a delightful time explaining the Blessed Sacrament to her—and to us. The explanation of the Blessed Trinity to his brother Thomas Butler is the center and heart of this book. But the explanatory powers of the brilliant theologian are climaxed by the simple statement of the Blessed Trinity's truth learned in childhood from the Sign of the Cross. Every word of this essay seems to have been a labor of love.

There is also the essay on "Clean Literature" that should be read and digested by every parent, teacher, and librarian; there is a fine denunciation of the Catholic who lost his Faith and there is a final bit of genuine admiration for "The Little Bluebirds." He is so grateful for the thoroughly American good manners of the brave little hostesses of our great airliners. And as he breathes a prayer of "Thank God" when he alights safely from the plane, so the reader may well say "Thank God for a Father Leonard

Feeney," when he closes the pages of *You'd Better Come Quietly*.

THE HUMAN CHRIST

Reverend F. J. Mueller

THE Divine personality of Christ permeating within His humanity was the magnet that drew Him the love and lifetime service of His twelve Apostles. It is that same Divine personality which permeates His teachings today that continues to draw men to Him, which transcends the forces of despotism and promises men ultimate peace and the final destruction of evil.

Father Mueller in his previous book *Christ* gave us a portrait of Christ as the Son, His powers and His attributes. The present volume presents Christ, the Son of Mary, the brother of man. His human characteristics are considered under such titles as: Christ the Son, the Citizen, the Friend, the Sorrowing; His strength, His severity, His compassion, His loneliness and His poverty. In eloquent and pregnant phrase the author gives a noble picture of Our Lord endowed with human qualities. Of Christ as Our Model he writes: "Our meek and gentle Lord burst out in righteous indignation... as He drove the money changers out of the sacred precincts of the Temple they desecrated; it is much to be feared that the day may come when He will again drive these false pretenders of Christianity far from His sight in anger and in divine retribution.... "Could any prayer be more appropriate for society in its present condition than the plea of Bartemus: "Lord that I may see." "God grant it," prays the author; "the world perishes unless He grant it speedily."

HOUSE OF CARDS

Alice Curtayne

CAREER women" are so independent, so secure in their own upward climb to success, to security. But Alice Curtayne after tracing the career of her heroine Ann Farrelly from humble girlhood to an enviable position declares that "When one has lost fulness of living there are no compensations." The heights of a career may often spell "essential defeat." Girls pondering the question

of home or career, read of Ann Farrelly.

Plain but conscientious Aunt Hannah mothered her orphan nieces as best she could and scraped and strove that they might have good educations. Her one aim was to make them self-dependent as soon as possible. Ann was the last to attain that goal. As she bade farewell to her beautiful Irish homeland she grew fearful of the future—a future that was taking her to England for her first position. Ann's experience in the English school was bitter and disappointing. She decided on a business career and fought with heroic persistency to fit herself thoroughly for it.

Then came the position; one that took her to Italy as a secretary for an International Utility Company. From here on Ann Farrelly's story might be that of any other brilliant ambitious young woman fighting her way forward through the complexities of human relations and the cold, hard facts of business.

Beautiful Italy opened Ann's poetic Celtic soul to its treasures of art, music, and age old culture. Then came the young American, Jim Dalton, to share his enthusiasm and his interests with Ann and finally to offer her his love. *The House of Cards* justifies its name in an ending that is satisfying only in the lesson it teaches.

THE LITTLE VIRTUES

David P. McAstocker, S.J.

TEN LITTLE virtues will help make this day and each day a gift worthy of offering to God, will make one truly helpful to others. They are such plain little virtues that we often overlook them and hardly think of them as such, but Father McAstocker in his usual joyous simplicity shows how they supernaturalize "the actions of each day, hour and minute." He has chosen a most "understanding guide" to point out by her own "little way" the beauties and spiritual values of these virtues—*The Little Flower*.

Some of the little virtues will surprise you but all will help you, for by homely illustration and definite explanation each is shown to have a far greater significance in a spiritual

sense than we attach to them when seen only in connection with ourselves and neighbor. The virtues included are: Courtesy, cheerfulness, order, loyalty, the use of time, punctuality, tact, sincerity, caution in speech, and unbiased judgment.

HEROINES OF CHRIST

Joseph Husslein

ALTHOUGH our heading gives Father Husslein the credit for this colorful and unusual collection of stories of the Saints, he is really the editor or compiler. Each story, there are fifteen, has been written by a young priest with a modern outlook on hagiography. Each writer has presented in a wholly original manner, a human, interesting story of a heroine who won the crown of sainthood by her own particular approach to holiness.

The "heroines" here presented are: Agnes, Maria de la Luz Camacho, Cecilia, Gemma Galgani, Joan of Arc, Bernadette, Catherine of Sienna, Eulalia, Margaret Mary Alacoque, Flora, Catherine Labouré, Lucy, Catherine of Alexandria, Tekakwitha and the Little Flower.

This book will interest young and old but should be especially attractive to the "teen-age." For here are no queer, pietistic characters but charming, courageous women whose mighty love of God did not preclude their natural love of beauty, home, and family, even though they so readily sacrificed all of them. We need more lives of the Saints written in the manner of *Heroines of Christ*.

February Book Shelf

Bernadette of Lourdes, by Margaret Blanton, published by Longmans Green. Price \$2.50

You'd Better Come Quietly, by Leonard Feeney, S.J., published by Sheed and Ward. Price \$2.00

The Human Christ, by Rev. F. J. Mueller, published by Bruce Co. Price \$2.00

House of Cards, by Alice Curtayne, published by Bruce Co. Price \$2.00

The Little Virtues, by David P. McAstocker, S.J., published by Bruce Co. Price \$1.75

Heroines of Christ, by Joseph Husslein, published by Bruce Co. Price \$2.00

From Peter to Pius

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

A PECULIAR light is being shed in these our own days upon certain words uttered nearly 2000 years ago. Within this period of the past 2000 years the most powerful nations have arisen; they came, only to crumble into dust. No government, save one, the Papacy, has reached us from those ancient days. Persecuted as no other government was ever persecuted and harassed, we who live nearly two thousand years after the institution of this government and are privileged to live well towards the middle of the twentieth century become awe-stricken when we daily come in contact with this government, either directly or indirectly, and at the same time listen to the echo that has reverberated through the ages, an echo caused by words such as "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

It is just possible, kind reader, that, through no fault of yours, you are so disposed that you love not to be reminded of these words. Using ordinary street urchins' parlance the writer says to you, "that is *your* funeral, not mine." No one less than Macaulay has reminded you of the fact that in ages to come, when travelers point out a spot saying: "Here stood the London bridge," or in American terms: "Here stood a city that raised its houses to the skies; they called it New York; here is the spot where there was a place called Chicago; here was San Francisco," in the mind and language of Macaulay that white robed priest who followed with his government the reign of the powerful Caesars, and who,—to use the language of a deceased Prelate and Cardinal—was not even a "paper-hanger," he was only a poor fisherman, this priest's successors come in contact with us of the present day.

You may love priests, you may hate priests. You may be blasphemous enough to hate Him who changed the name of this poor fisherman saying: "Simon, thou art a Rock (*Petrus*) and upon this Rock I shall build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." It was this fisherman to whom Christ said: "Peter, dost thou love me?" and repeating this question three times the Lord Jesus said to this fisherman: "Feed my lambs," and "Feed my sheep."

How full of holy awe the following words have echoed throughout the ages! "To thee I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, whatsoever thou

shalt bind upon earth will be bound in heaven, whatsoever thou loosest upon earth shall be loosened in heaven." There is another echo; listen to it; it is awe-inspiring: "And behold, I shall be with you until the end of the world." There is then no need, as some non-Catholic preachers are now doing, of getting excited that the President of the United States is sending a personal representative to the head of that government which came down to us from the days of the Caesars. Any one having a particle of Faith in the Divinity of Jesus Christ will never say to Him: "You have made a bad job of your work here on earth," no one will be so blasphemous as to even entertain such thoughts.

Even the good women of those days, as the good ladies of our own day are liable to be, were social-minded. To have one's social standing advanced and pushed up, was not strange to women in those days. Listen to this one: "I ask that this my son be seated to Thy right and this one to Thy left in Thy kingdom." She knew that Christ was busy establishing His kingdom, and she felt embarrassed that Christ put Simon, now called Peter, at the head of this Church. She was jealous as women are apt to be, and some men-folks too, for the words of Christ to Simon-Peter left no doubt in her mind. Taking her two sons with her she decided to settle the matter at issue. We must excuse her, says St. Jerome. "Remember," says this Doctor of the Church, "Remember she was a mother." Reduced to modern idiomatic form the Lord told her *very briefly*, that she did not know what she was talking about. Read the Gospel—look up this incident, and you will see that even the women got busy when their sons were not chosen to be at the head of Christ's Church, but Simon, the fearless one, the one who, when Christ asked His Apostles to tell Him what *they* thought as to Who He might be, replied with the greatest zeal and love: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God."

Thanks to the wife of Zebedee, the mother of St. John and St. James, we who live in the twentieth century have a vivid proof that something had transpired in which she and her sons were interested, that a kingdom had been founded, that this kingdom needed a worldly, a human head, a Supreme shepherd. Little did she think that we of the twentieth century would thank her for this vivid proof that Simon was this chosen head and not *her* sons. We

of this century will follow the advice of St. Jerome and forgive her. She was not the only one jealous in those days, for our Lord had to step in on another occasion where envy did its mischief. The Gospels tell us that taking a child he addressed His Apostles saying; "Unless you become as this child, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." This stopped the strife rampant among the Apostles, checked their pride at seeing Simon preferred. We can now in our century forgive them all their petty discords; we can forgive a jealous mother, but can we forgive, faced with all this evidence, those few preachers who make fists at our President in Washington because of an envoy he sent to Pope Pius XII? Yes, Christian law commands us to forgive, we *must* forgive those that scold the President, but this fact, our forgiveness namely, does not wipe out their asininity. We must give credit here to those broader and more intelligent ministers of Protestant sects who have accepted and applauded the President's move towards world peace.

Granting that St. Peter was made the head of Christ's Church, there are a few other questions to be answered. Did Peter go to Rome? Did he establish a Church there? And finally, how do we know that Peter's powers went over to the Bishops of Rome who succeeded Peter in his Bishopric? A high school boy or girl can figure it out that if a Supreme Shepherd was needed in the time of peace, one such Supreme Shepherd was sorely needed throughout the ages to follow, when hell's gates were actually vomiting forth their filth and stench, when the number of the faithful would exceed by the millions the relatively few of the days of Christ and the Apostles.

If you desire to see most vividly why the Lord instituted a Supreme Shepherd and how necessary it was for His Church throughout the ages that there be such a Shepherd at all times, look at the sects that have separated themselves at various times from the Papacy at Rome. Notice also what the Lord did to their pride during the World War. The schismatic Catholics that lived in Russia, finally were compelled to acknowledge the Czar of Russia as their Pope. The World war destroyed both their Pope, the Czar, and, as is seen now, Russians are no longer held to be *persons* but only *things* by the Reds.

What about Lutheranism? The Lord kicked over Martin Luther's work, the cradle of Protestantism, so completely that a former paperhanger, an Austrian, and later on a Munich beer-garden gangster, has reduced Lutheranism to a complete fizzle in Prussia. After all when people bade good-bye to the Papacy, their religion became a *national* affair

without universality, which means "Catholicity." Imagine an Irishman catering to Prussian Lutheranism, or a Berlin citizen falling in love with the so-called Archbishop of Canterbury in England, if you can.

From all that has thus far been written by the writer it is evident that he who admits the Primacy of Peter as being of the utmost necessity for the *first years* of the existence of Christ's Church, is entirely impotent to deny that Peter's Primacy passed over to his successor, for Peter, the Rock, died under Nero in the year 67.

That St. Peter lived in Rome is evident from his writings. We read in the first letter of St. Peter in the fifth chapter: "The Church that is in Babylon elected together with you saluteth you and so does my son Mark." St. Peter here calls Rome "Babylon" to conceal his presence from pagans, for, St. Peter could not have meant Babylon in Asia, where, to quote from the Jewish Roman historian Josephus Flavius, there were *no Jews* in the days of Josephus Flavius, and this Jewish historian lived in the days of the Apostles. Nor could St. Peter have meant Babylon in Egypt, for no evidence of any nature has ever shown that St. Peter lived in Africa.

It was the language of the Apostles to call Rome a "Babylon" because of its greatness and its viciousness and wickedness. St. John uses this title "Babylon" on various occasions throughout his Apocalypse, and the early Christians entertained no doubt or scruple as to what was meant by "Babylon." To hide from pagans their whereabouts is, no doubt, the chief reason why the Apostles called Rome a Babylon. The earliest Church Fathers living in the Apostolic age, or immediately thereafter, knew that Rome was meant by "Babylon." Read Papias, Tertullian, and the historian Eusebius and likewise Jerome and Augustine, all of whom give evidence that not the Babylon in Assyria or the one in Egypt was meant, but the city of Rome in Italy.

Alongside of St. Peter's own testimony that he wrote from Rome, Italy, we have the entire Christian history to show that St. Peter lived in Rome. A few evidences from writers in the first, second, and third centuries will suffice to prove this. Tertullian, who lived nearer to the Apostles than we of this age live to the Washington's, Jefferson's, Lincoln's, Grant's and McKinley's writes: "How happy is the Church of Rome who received from the Apostles their entire doctrine which they sealed in their own blood. Rome, where Peter became like unto his suffering Savior (he alludes to Peter's crucifixion) and where Paul was crowned with the kind of death that crowned John. (Tertullian alludes to the de-

capitation of St. John the Baptist). Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian of the third century says: "That Peter was crucified in Rome, and Paul beheaded there is evidenced by historical documents we have before us." St. Epiphanius calls Peter "Bishop of Rome" and he places him at the head of the Bishops of Rome in the list which he, Epiphanius, compiled. Irenaeus, the disciple of Polycarp, the latter a disciple of St. John the Apostle, says that after the deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul in Rome Linus became the head of the Church of Rome. This Linus is mentioned in some of the letters of the Apostles, and the priest, each morning as he says his Mass, commemorates him together with Cletus, Clement, etc., in the Canon of the Mass, a document that is hoary with age.

The writer was born in the early 70's. He met up with very respectable people who were born in 1780 and in 1790. As a rule these people were not college-bred, being emigrants to our shores, yet they knew as well as we of today know, the politics of the days when they were youths. If such people as these could narrate the exact happenings of their youthful years, how much more could a Tertullian, Irenaeus, Epiphanius, Eusebius, etc., who were learned Roman Church Fathers, tell us what happened in their day and in the days of the men whom they met and who were disciples of the Apostles? If the modern educated youth can comprehend the history, the sayings and doings of George Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, McKinley, who lived not so long ago, but cannot comprehend the force of the evidences presented to us by scholars who lived in and near the days of the Apostles, that is again not the writer's funeral but the funeral of modern youth.

The entire antiquity looked upon the Bishops of Rome as the successors of St. Peter, the Vicars of Christ, the Supreme Shepherds of Christianity. St. Irenaeus, the disciple of Polycarp, writes: "With this Church (the Church of Rome) because of her distinguished preëminence, all Churches *must* agree, and all Faithful *must* agree, because in *her* especially all Apostolic Traditions have been preserved."

St. Cyprian in his homily on the Unity of the Church calls the Church of Rome "the root and fountain of Truth, the tree that covers all countries with its branches, the celestial body that sends its rays into every direction." St. Cyprian then adds: "He who resists the Church, he who deserts the Chair of Peter upon which the Church was founded, can such a one presume that he is yet in the Church?" "So great was the respect shown to the Bishop of Rome, so great the fullness of power in the Roman Bishop," according to St. Cyprian, that

the cruel Caesar Decius "because of jealousy, preferred to hear of a rival in his empire rather than to hear of the election of the chief priest in the city of Rome."

Tertullian born about 160, therefore shortly after the days of the Apostles, writes: "I hear of a published decree; it is decisive, the Chief Priest, the Bishop of Bishops, speaks: 'I grant an indulgence and remit the sins of those doing penance.'" This decree had reference to the public penances some were performing because of their sins and crimes. St. Ignatius, the Bishop of Antioch, a disciple of the Apostles, calls the Church in Rome: "The Chief and Superior of the Bond of Love, i.e., Christianity."

From all these testimonies given above, testimonies rendered by those who lived in the days of the Apostles, or immediately thereafter, and who knew what they were talking about, it follows that the Pope, Pius XII, gloriously reigning in the midst of a ruined world is the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Some one expressed his sorrow to Pope Clement VII saying: "It is so sad to see people rebel against your Holiness." This was in the days of the so-called Reformation. The Pope replied: "*Rebellion* you say against our person? Let me tell you, *this is the end of all.*"

Realizing the necessity of a League of Nations, (the reader has seen one such League of Nations) nations have attempted to institute one to take the place of the one instituted by Christ. The Lord can kick since he became a human being. He needs not His foot for that purpose. The reader has seen that He kicked the one instituted by man in our day into a fizzle and a fizzle.

At the beginning of this article the writer alluded to a peculiar light that is being thrown, in these our days, upon certain words spoken by Christ in connection with the Papacy. It would not surprise anyone if the next treaty of peace be signed in the Vatican. The Pope cannot be prejudiced, he loves them all. As Vicar of Jesus Christ he loves the Protestant, the Jew, the Gentile as well as he loves his Catholic children. No better place can be found than the Vatican to sign the next peace so that the world may enjoy at least a little respite and rest from the mix-up into which the Lord has seen fit to kick it, because of its disobedience to His Vicar on earth, the disobedience shown the Papacy in the sixteenth century.

The quotations which the writer gave in this article were translations made by the writer, taken from a German text, the sermons of Dr. Ehrler, Bishop of Speyer, an ancient See in Germany, and from the writer's own memory.

Candied Hearts

Claude Ehringer, O.S.B.



HERE may have been a little calendar factory sometime in the 12th century operated by an enterprising fellow who after having marked every day that would be good for fishing or boar hunting and with the usual warnings of snow, sleet, hail, or rain for the coming year found a few empty spaces yet to be filled.

"February is a monotonous month," quoth he. "It would be good to have some variety. At the half way mark, the feast of the right well-beloved Saint Valentine, when we go to church to celebrate, I will indicate the coming spring by noting: Here birds begin to mate."

Perhaps this is all fiction, but Chaucer has written:

"For, this was St. Valentine's day
When every fowl cometh there to choose his mate."

Perhaps, too, Chaucer is just repeating what he saw on his calendar!

In people sentimentally minded this was too auspicious an occasion to let slip by. For them it was the proper time to celebrate with the animal kingdom by writing love

letters and sending love tokens.

How much Saint Valentine has to do with this is hard to say or rather easy to say—he antedates this custom by some ten centuries and is no doubt somewhat embarrassed to find his name mixed up in love notes, candies, and what not. But now as in life the saints lend themselves generously to the whims of more human folk.

The Beau Brummels or dandies of today were known as gallants even in his day. The old form of gallant is gallantin, which, no doubt, because of the similarity in sound to *Valentine*, led young couples to call each other their "Valentines."

Many letters of the middle centuries witness the custom. Here is an excerpt from a letter written by Dame Elizabeth Brews to the favored suitor of her daughter.

"... and cousin mine upon St. Valentine's day when every bird chooseth himself a mate and if it is like you to come on Thursday night and make provision that you may abide until then, I trust to God that ye shall speak to my husband and I shall pray that we may bring the matter to a conclusion."

The daughter in a letter attached to her mother's addressed her suitor:

"Unto my rightwell beloved Valentine John."

Valentines of the present have a much different signification than in former ages—if there is any signification in candied hearts with sweet phrases in colored inks and grotesque figures on cheap paper with verses below that fit in well with the setting.

St. Valentine, I am sure, didn't mind helping young people become acquainted, but certainly his name is forged on that type of valentine which plays up the faults and eccentricities of neighbors. Those who are afraid to tell neighbors their faults shouldn't seize this cowardly way of trying to make the cure. It most often happens that the recipient is only confirmed in the fault. Perhaps popular sentiment could be brought to bear upon those who publish such things.

The QUEST for TRUTH

Richard Felix, O.S.B.

Why do Catholics make a genuflection when they go into their churches?

Catholics make a genuflection when they enter the church to worship and adore Christ personally present on the altar of that church. If "in the Name of Jesus, every knee should bow of those that are in Heaven, on earth, and under the earth" (Phil. 2:10) surely it is right and proper that every knee should bow in His very presence. This practice goes back to the time of the three Wise Men, who, "entering into the house, found the Child with Mary His Mother, and falling down, they adored Him" (Matt. 2:11).

You Catholics pay too much attention to Mary. More devotion to Mary means less devotion to Christ.

Just the reverse is true. The more devotion to Mary, the more devotion to her Divine Son. One cannot approach Mary without at the same time drawing closer to Jesus. The two go together.

This objection has probably come from one who has heard Catholics reciting the Litany of our Lady or perhaps heard a priest preaching on one of the virtues of the Blessed Mother as we often do and jumped to the conclusion that we leave out Christ to honor Christ's mother. As a matter of fact, the honor paid to the Mother of our Lord is a very subordinate part in the system of Catholic devotion. Let such a one get up in the morning earlier than usual and go over to the nearest Catholic Church any day of the week he may choose. There he will find a number of silent worshippers, all of them clients of Mary, absorbed in something that is taking place at the altar. At the ringing of a little bell the silence is solemn and all heads are bowed in adoration. Some minutes later he will see these same children of Mary approach the altar rail to receive the Lord of Life and of Love in Holy Communion. Here is the central act of Catholic worship—Christ's Mass, Christmas, repeated day after day in the holy Sacrifice of the Altar. The weekday scene just mentioned is repeated on Sunday, not once merely but many

times over, and with more solemnity. On that day every Catholic who really is a Catholic will be seen at Mass; the churches are thronged, filled again and again. Why? Simply because Christ is there, because Christ again comes down from Heaven and in sacramental form takes His place upon the altar just as He did in human form in the manger of Bethlehem in the long ago. Christmas all over again, Christ's Mass—that is the reason for it all.

Christ and His Mother in the stable of Bethlehem—Christ and His Mother in the Church today! The two are inseparable, they must and do belong together.

St. Joseph—How was he related to Christ?

The old Irish missionaries, those strong and sturdy priests, who in the fifth and sixth centuries went out from Ireland and did so much to civilize and christianize Continental Europe, had a phrase regarding the parentage of Christ that was truly beautiful. They used to say that "He, who had no mother in Heaven, had no father on earth." Christ, as the Scriptures tell us, was conceived of the Holy Ghost. No human element, save that of the Blessed Mother, entered into the conception and birth of Christ. The conception of Christ without a human father was of course something miraculous; but with God nothing is impossible, and where the birth of God's Christ is concerned, we would expect nothing less than the miraculous. St. Joseph was only the foster-father of Christ.

Why are Catholics opposed to the public schools of this country?

Catholics are not opposed to the public schools of this country. We support them with our taxes and seek in every way possible to make them efficient instruments in equipping our young people properly to meet the problems of life. We do take issue with the idea of excluding religion from education and maintain that in opposing God-less education we are proving our patriotism and showing ourselves to be citizens who really have the best interests of our beloved land at heart.

Religion is vital in the education of children. You cannot crowd Christ out of the classroom and expect to rear up a Christian, God-fearing generation. One of the reasons why Communism is gaining a foothold in the United States today is found in the fact that the education imparted in our public schools has prepared the soil for it—at least indirectly. Communism denies God, scoffs at the spiritual nature of man, makes expediency the norm of morality and pooh-poohs a hereafter. Surely no one can deny that our public schools neglect God, teach nothing of man's spiritual nature, ignore his final destiny, and have little to say about moral responsibility. Many of our university professors are positively atheistic and brazenly proclaim the principles of Bolshevism.

How different the Catholic idea! Here we have a system of education that meets the requirements of City and State Educational Boards—a system of education that does not neglect religion but trains the will as well as the mind and forms those habits of life which make good Americans because they make good Catholics. Religious principles are taught and put into practice. God is not forgotten. Which system fits in the more truly with the thought and mind of the Father of our Country? "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion... reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." — Farewell Address, George Washington.

When will the world come to an end?

It is the height of folly for anyone to pretend that he knows when the world will end and when Christ will come to judge the living and the dead. Concerning that day, our Lord Himself has said, "As lightning cometh out of the East and appeareth even into the West; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. But of that day and hour no one knoweth, not the Angels of Heaven, but the Father alone." (Matt. 24:27).

KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL

Intention for February

Courage for Mothers

THERE are potential mothers and actual mothers. Both are needful of prayer; the first that they may not yield to the criminal undoing of Nature in direct violation of the law of God, and the others that human respect and wagging tongues may not prevent them from doing their sacred duty.

The mother has two important duties; to bear children and to rear them. If she fulfills the first, she is confronted with the obligation to fulfill the second. The temptation is strong to refuse the first and hence escape the second. That the forces of good may win in this battle, and that mothers may have the courage to carry out their freely assumed duties is the intention for our prayers this month.

Outside the Catholic Church motherhood seems to be growing unpopular. Within the Church, too, the responsibilities of motherhood are sometimes avoided because of suffering, sorrow, poverty and many nameless fears. Per-

haps no person on earth knows better than the Catholic priest the sufferings and sorrows, the terrible trials and temptations, the secret anguish and bleeding hearts of Catholic mothers. It is then in a spirit of compassion, of friendly service and love in Christ, that we bring to the notice of Catholic

mothers a great Saint who seems to have been raised up providentially by the most High God of Mercy and Goodness to help and assist mothers in their hour of pain and trial, as well as through the whole course of their lives. This helper, this Mothers' Saint, is the youthful Redemptorist Lay-Brother, Saint Gerard Majella.

It may seem strange that such a role has been assigned to such a Saint, for St. Gerard was unmarried, a virgin all his life, and he died at an early age. Yet, when we examine his life, we find there an episode that seems to throw much light on this mystery of God's Providence.

It was the year 1754, and Gerard had just passed his twenty-eighth birthday. A shameless woman accused him of unchastity. She had invented this callous calumny with such diabolical cunning that he became an object of grave suspicion to his Superior, St. Alphonsus. As a precautionary measure, he was forbidden to

have any dealings with the outside world, and was not allowed to receive Holy Communion! The good Religious humbly accepted the penance and suffered in silence. His friends urged him to justify himself, but he only answered: "There is a God. It is for Him to see to it."



And God did see to it! After holding His Divine Hand over Gerard for nine long months threateningly, He caressed him lovingly. The author of the calumny declared under oath that she had told a most heinous lie, and that Gerard was innocent.

As a reward to His faithful servant for this great humiliation, God seems to have given Gerard the special power of assisting mothers in their most anxious hour. He who was reputed unchaste, now chastely assists the chaste in bringing forth "the chaste generation with glory" (Wisdom 14:1), and God, by humbling His servant, has exalted him. "O the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!" (Romans 11:33)

Even during his own lifetime, St. Gerard possessed this wonderful power. One day the Saint had left a certain home of Oliveto, Italy, when a young girl hastened after him with a handkerchief he had forgotten on a chair. "Keep it," he said, adding in a spirit of prophecy, "it will be useful to you some day." The girl later married, and was on the point of dying with her first child when she called for Gerard's handkerchief. The danger passed instantly, and the child was happily born.

St. Gerard died during the night of October 15-16, 1755. Hence his feast is celebrated on October 16, his birthday in heaven. After his precious death the Saint's power to assist mothers continued to grow. A certain woman was reduced to extremity. She prayed to good St. Gerard and placed a picture of the Saint on her head. That night he appeared in the Redemptorist habit and said to her: "Courage, you are cured." The next morning the physicians found her in a state of perfect health.

As the years have progressed, the sphere of St. Gerard's influence has become wider and wider. He is well known to mothers in Europe, particularly in Belgium and France. In the French magazine, "L'Apotre du Foyer" (July, 1928) are contained twelve acknowledgments to St. Gerard for favors received. Six of these were from grateful mothers. The May issue of the same magazine contained fifteen acknowledgments to St. Gerard, nine of them in thanksgiving for happy birth. Read some of them for yourself—Nimes, France: "Thanks to Our Lady and to St. Gerard for the happy birth of our fourth living child. We prayed that the expected child be a boy, so that he might one day become a priest. Our prayers have been heard, etc." Here is one from Badonville, France: "Thanks to St. Gerard for the happy birth of a little daughter, our sixth child. We have named her Marie Therese." We quote one more grateful

French tribute to this great Saint. It is from St. Etienne, France: "The gratitude of a family is hereby offered to St. Gerard for the happy birth of their twelfth child."

These are only a few of the many mothers St. Gerard has assisted in the hour of their greatest peril. We have chosen these from a European magazine, for there the Saint is better known. Still, he is not entirely unknown in Canada, as the following acknowledgment, taken from the "Annals of Good Ste. Anne de Beaupré" (June, 1929), will show: "Montreal, March 4, 1929: One of my friends was dangerously ill. She was sinking rapidly. After having X-rayed her twice and recommended an operation, the doctors had to give up treating her. We began a Novena in honor of St. Gerard, and she drank only water in which a medal of this great Saint had been dipped—the poor invalid is now on the sure road to recovery. Devotion to St. Gerard is rewarded by many favors in this hospital conducted by the Sisters of Providence," etc.

People of the United States, too, are praying to St. Gerard as these lines from "Perpetual Help" (June, 1929) attest: "Recently a letter came to our office from a city in Montana, from a lady—she read of St. Gerard's protection over children and began praying to him for her little one, who needed the patronage of some heavenly Intercessor. She wrote to thank us for our help."

Some startling instances of help received through prayer from St. Gerard are among the compiler's own happiest experiences.

On returning to preach a renewal of a Mission in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, a grateful mother said to the writer: "Thanks very much for your information about St. Gerard. He has proved to be a wonderful protector to me and my friends. When my time was come, I prayed fervently to him, anxiously clutching the medal of St. Gerard, which had touched the relic. Everything was fine. Not only that, I loaned the medal to a friend who was in danger, and she safely passed the crisis. A second friend also experienced St. Gerard's salutary intercession."

In Saint John, N.S., a woman in great trouble came to the compiler asking for a blessed medal of St. Gerard for a friend who was in danger. The medal was touched to St. Gerard's relic and given to the suffering woman. Though her doctor had said it was impossible for her to live, the woman, to the doctor's great wonder, came safely through her ordeal.*

* From a pamphlet, "The Mother's Saint," by Daniel Ehman, C.S.S.R.

Brother Meinrad Eugster—His Community Spirit

Peter Behrman, O.S.B.

IN A Benedictine Community, probably more than in any other, the family spirit is fostered with special solicitude. The whole fabric of the rule of St. Benedict is built around the idea that the Abbot, elected for life, is to be a true Father of the Community, and that the monks, ordinarily destined to associate with one another for life, are zealously to "practice fraternal charity with a chaste love."

In his eighth degree of humility St. Benedict lays down another wise admonition tending towards fostering of the community spirit:—"The eighth degree of humility is, that a monk do nothing except what the common rule of the monastery or the example of the seniors direct." Brother Meinrad was thoroughly imbued with this Benedictine ideal. Out of love for his community he joyfully submitted himself to all the rules and customs of the monastery which he had chosen for his home. As far as possible he strove never to seek for, or ask for anything particular. In prayer, in work, in recreation, in fact in all things he confined himself to the rules and customs in vogue in his monastic home.

We have already seen how he strove to become all things to all men whilst serving his brethren as custodian of the vestry, and how he, entirely oblivious of his own good pleasure, did all in his power to enhance the good cheer of his brethren during common recreation. Other opportunities for fostering the family spirit were provided by the excursions or hikes up into the mountains that the Brothers of Einsiedeln were wont to take occasionally. Here there was also offered to his brethren an opportunity to observe him more closely.

Brother Meinrad by no means considered it wrong, or deemed it an imperfection to associate himself with his brethren in this kind of healthful recreation. On the contrary he made use of these opportunities, conjointly with his confreres, to admire the wonders of God in nature. Especially in his young years did he feel himself drawn toward the snowy

mountain tops that tower far above the Abbey of Einsiedeln. With the rising sun these Benedictine mountain climbers were on their way. As long as the rise of the ground was gradual they chanted their beads in honor of Our Blessed Lady. But when the ascent began in earnest every muscle of hand and foot had to be brought into play in order to scale the rugged heights while heavy perspiration soon ran down their toiling limbs. Finally when the proud summit of the mountain, sometimes over 600 feet high, was conquered, Bro. Meinrad, otherwise reticent and unobtrusive now had no rest until he had succeeded in persuading his companions to sing a hymn in honor of the Heavenly Queen. And indeed, the majestic scenery, the rare mountain air, and the sense of victory stirred the hearts of the climbers to such a pitch that they most willingly gave vent in solemn song to their pent up emotions.

These were occasions of rare holy joy to Brother Meinrad. For being of a happy cheerful disposition, such as is common to true children of God he loved to sing. Such is the unanimous testimony of his confreres. But no less unanimous is their testimony that in his most joyful moods and with an appetite whetted by vigorous exercise Brother Meinrad even at a table most richly laden always remained most temperate and abstemious in eating and drinking.

Thus in the midst of innocent jollification he could not hide his virtue, for even on such occasions he sought and found opportunity for mortification and prayer. He acted upon the principle that whenever the body was well served the soul must also receive a special spiritual portion in the form of prayer and mortification and in line with this thought he contrived whenever he conveniently could, to turn these short excursions into pilgrimages to some road-side or mountain shrine. Thus these holidays offered to Brother Meinrad rich opportunity for the abnegation of selflove,

A First Snow-Fall

Out of darknes into light,
Like a novice veiled in white,
Head and shoulders, stooping, bent,
Heart and mind on God intent,
Came the cedars drooping, weary,
In the morning dark and dreary.
Lowly bowed each single head
As if thoughts from earth had fled.
In this posture they commune
With their Maker, God Triune.

No cathedral, stately, grand,
Not a church in all the land
In its beauty can compare
With the grandeur rich and rare
Of the mantle wove that night
By the Lord, the God of Might.

Benedict Brown, O.S.B.

whereas to his companions they gave ample opportunity to observe him to their own edification.

It was also on occasions such as these that his confreres became aware how much Brother Meinrad suffered from insomnia and how he filled out these long weary hours of the night by making hundreds of ejaculatory aspirations. His cheerfulness and friendliness were therefore not just the overflow of physical contentedness but rather outpouring of true Christian charity from a soul closely united to God.

Holidays and mountain trips were after all comparatively rare occurrences in the life of Brother Meinrad. Nor was his charity limited to such occasions. It was a daily affair; every day he found opportunities to be considerate and kind in thought, word, and deed. Thus even in his old age when he was almost totally blind Brother Meinrad sometimes attended the school entertainments. It mattered little to him that he could not see enough to distinguish the characters on the stage, for he spent the time saying ejaculations and conversing with God. Then why did he go? He himself once answered this question: "I go, because I do not wish to do differently than the others, and because I would not like the younger brothers to think that they ought not to go." "Only nothing special," was one of his axioms.

Since idle conversations are the bane of a peaceful community life monastic silence is an important factor in the promotion of a true family spirit. As has already been noted Brother Meinrad was a lover of silence and of recollection. At work, in the corridors, wherever, and whenever silence was obligatory he kept it faithfully, fostering at the same time

carefully that spirit of recollection which can thrive only on holy silence. However when duty obliged him to talk he spoke in a friendly though subdued manner. He firmly believed the words of Holy Scripture: "In the multitude of words there shall not want sin."

Contented as Brother Meinrad was to observe silence he was just as willing to speak when charity required it in the recreation hall. Yet in spite of his sunny cheerful disposition he was often at a loss for something to say. In this quandary he was frequently heard to exclaim, "I just don't know anything." His tender charity restrained him from speaking about subjects that did not in the least disturb the consciences of others less considerate. If nevertheless a thoughtless word passed over his lips he would say: "I wish I would not have said anything." And because he frequently used the expression his brethren were want to tease him about it. Then he would laugh heartily. For whenever he could bring enjoyment to others, even at his own expense, he was more than pleased.

To serve out of love for God, to love all, to make all around him happy, that was Brother Meinrad's great passion, that was his contribution toward the promotion of the family spirit. Souls like his are a blessing and the sunshine of a Community. They are like the fire of the family hearth at which many can light the torch of charity and from which the warmth of Christian charity spreads through the whole monastic family. These are the sunny characters who bloom with kindness,—good cheer, but before their blossoms open to emit the fragrant odor of charity they must first burst all bounds of selfishness.

We Heard Ourselves Sing

WE FELT quite happy to be invited to broadcast a part of our own Christmas festivities. From comments received it seems to have been a kind of missionary work. Hearers over the radio pronounced it inspiring and fell in love with the beautiful Gregorian Chant of the Catholic Church.

Certainly, at the time of the broadcast we could not be at the radio ourselves, but rejoiced at being able to participate in so grand a Christmas service as each year is ours at the Abbey. What a satisfying bit of news it was for us to know that the entire broadcast had been picked up and transcribed

onto records that can be played on any victrola. We lost no time in getting a set and were really amazed at the clearness and beauty of the recording.

For the sake of our many friends and acquaintances who love Gregorian Chant we are glad that these records can be obtained by anyone at a very moderate price—nine dollars. In a separate ad of this issue you will notice that Harry Smith, Recordings, of Two West 46th Street of New York City is the maker of these records. We are glad that he made them so well.

We Thank

WITH the beginning of the new year 1940 changes took place in our Abbey Press. Four faithful persons have left our service to enter upon new fields, business projects of their own.

The four are: Mr. August Ringeman, Mr. Hubert Tretter, and his two sisters, Miss Florence Tretter and Miss Lucille Tretter.—Mr. August Ringeman spent twenty years with the Abbey Press. Since the departure of Father Edward Berheide six years ago for work among the Indian Missions of North Dakota, Mr. Ringeman has been General Manager of the Abbey Press. Mr. Hubert Tretter spent twenty-one years working for the Abbey Press. In recent years he has been Superintendent. His two sisters, Florence and Lucille, have spent practically all the time since their school days taking care of the office work for the Press.

We shall miss these four faithful workers. Throughout all their years of service they have manifested loyalty, honesty, fidelity, willingness, and efficiency of the highest order. They have built for themselves a reserve capital of character qualifications that makes it easy for us to vouch for their success in any future endeavor. We heartily wish them this richly merited success. They are a credit to their families and their home community. We are deeply grateful to them for the years of pleasant affiliation with them.

We Hope

WITH January 1, 1940, new men stepped into the service in the Abbey Press. Three Fathers and one Brother of the Abbey are taking over the offices vacated by the four persons retiring from our service. We hope that they will be able to continue the same high level of service that has been rendered in the past.—And who are these four new men? They are:

Father David Duesing, O.S.B., General Manager of the Abbey Press. Father David hails from St. Louis, Missouri. He became a professed monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey on August 6, 1931. Since his ordination he has spent some time teaching in St. Meinrad Seminary and also in our Marmion Military Academy in Aurora, Illinois.

Father Maurus Ohligschlagler, O.S.B., Superintendent. Father Maurus came to us from Louisville, Kentucky. He took up studies in our Seminary after having done some school work at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. On September 9, 1915, he made his vows. His years of teaching activity have been spent in St. Meinrad Seminary, Jasper Academy, and Marmion Military Academy.

Father Herbert Palmer, O.S.B., Office Manager. Father Herbert is an Illinoisan, having been born in Murphysboro. He is a newly ordained priest of the class of May 30, 1939. On August 6, 1934, he became a professed member of our Abbey. Studies pursued at the Catholic University in recent years will aid him in his present task.

Brother Benedict Barthel, O.S.B., Office Assistant. He is a Hoosier and his home was Evansville. Brother Benedict is just past twenty. Having studied in St. Placid Hall, where among other things he learned typing, he is a product of the Junior Brother School. On February 10, 1939, he made his vows as a Benedictine.

These four new men will do their best to serve well the patrons of the Abbey Press. Their good management and your patronage will enable the Press to earn a little profit that will be used to help poor students towards the holy priesthood.



Calling ALL Subscribers!

Three Things to do:

1. Renew for yourself
2. Subscribe for a friend
3. Boost for us

I gladly endorse the Grail and recommend it heartily to the pastors and people. I would like to see it placed and read in every Catholic home of the Diocese.

With a special blessing for you and your work, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ
✠ Joseph E. Ritter
Bishop of Indianapolis.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

The Grail
Benedictine Abbey
St. Meinrad, Ind.
Dear Fathers:

I am happy to enclose \$..... as a subscription to THE
GRAIL for year (s) at \$1.00 a year for:

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Please send sample copies to:

.....
.....
.....

We employ no agents.



